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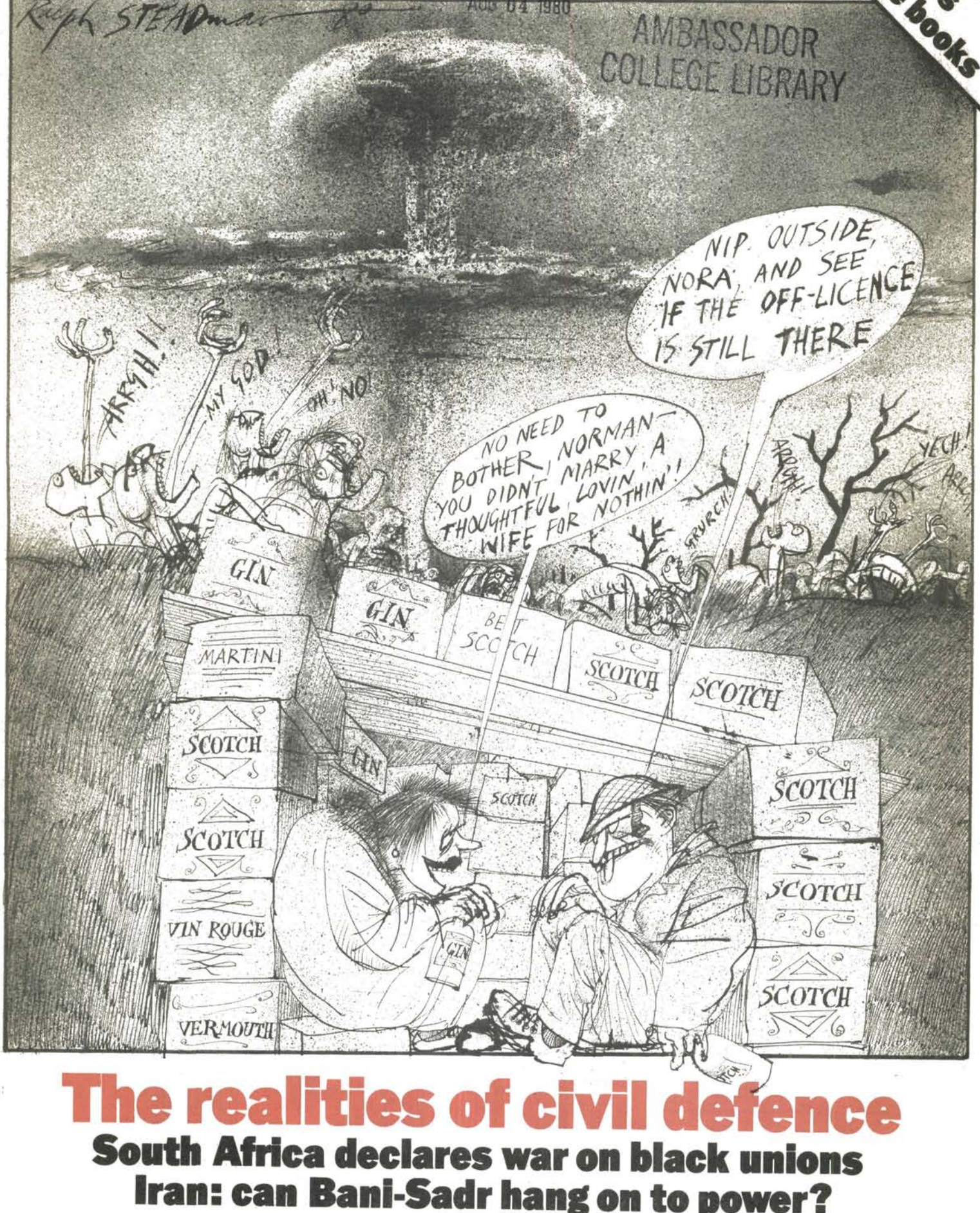
NEW STATESMAN

Thrillers and crime books



The realities of civil defence

South Africa declares war on black unions

Iran: can Bani-Sadr hang on to power?

Tariq Ali: London Diary

Why monetarism is a coherent policy

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How about some real investment?

THE WILSON COMMITTEE on the Functioning of Financial Institutions expresses the essential problem which faces British capitalism today as follows: 'The profitability of productive industry in the UK has fallen over the last twenty years to such an extent that the real rate of return now appears on average to be less than the perceived cost of capital.' This helps to explain why it is that Britain's pension funds and insurance companies — who had a cash inflow in 1978 of £8½ billion — put so little of their money into productive investment. Quite simply, the very small number of people who control these institutions are not willing to invest money in what they perceive to be high risk projects, with the prospect of uncertain returns. It is not the venality of individual investment managers. Rather the reverse: they say they must not risk the pensioners' money (though they do risk it, in large amounts, on property development). There are many institutional obstacles in the British financial system to making industrial investments, but these are not the major problem, which lies more in the City's perception of the process of investment.

Nowhere is the difficulty in understanding the nature of the problem clearer than when the Wilson committee moves to its discussion of the role of the institutions in stimulating investment in industry — its main area of enquiry. All the committee's members — from businessmen to trades union leaders — are agreed that profits are very low and this is a discouragement to investment. All see that bodies like the NEB are not ways round this, as they have to make a commercial rate of return, and all — though it sticks in the throat of some of them — accept that it is necessary to subsidise the cost of capital. But none of them seem able to confront the implications of this.

The committee divides most strongly over the TUC proposal of a special investment facility, supported jointly by the institutions and the government. The businessmen oppose this on the grounds that there is no need for it while existing bodies have money to spare. This now familiar argument appears in a report which has gone to some lengths to demonstrate that the existing financial institutions are not used because, in current conditions, their terms are unattractive. And those members of the committee who support some form of special investment fund or bank do not say straightforwardly what the underlying logic of their proposal must be: that British society could survive, indeed thrive, on a much lower level of profits than is conventionally believed.

THE REPORT spends some time explaining how risky productive investment can be, with a whole series of events liable to upset the calculations on which the decisions were originally based. (The report gives less attention to the way in which unforeseen events can make some investments spectacularly profitable.) The City of London does not find it easy to come to terms with the degree of risk, or the long time horizon, involved in many investment decisions. The very efficiency of the stock market as a place in which shares can be easily bought and sold has made it possible for the institutions to believe that they could always get out of tricky companies. And the Stock Exchange has been a place in which very high profits could be made from financial investment in relatively short periods of time — distracting attention from the fact that such activity is only secondary to the primary activity of real investment in industry.

Not all capitalist countries have had this experience. In Germany, for example, the banks are big shareholders as well as big lenders to companies. In Japan, France, Italy and Sweden much higher levels of company debt are tolerated than in Britain. For one reason or another, these countries are willing to run a much higher risk economy than the financial institutions are in Britain.

The success of real industrial investment relies heavily on there being a market for the goods produced and these markets are often shaped by the policies of the state: the circumstances in which it is profitable for a company to equip fighter planes but unprofitable for them to produce, say, kidney machines makes the point well. Although this may seem beyond the scope of the Wilson committee, there seems no point in embarking on an exploration of how the financial resources of society could be matched with industrial needs unless some account is taken of the purpose of industrial investment. Despite the problems in asking such questions, it is a line of enquiry which socialists need to pursue with some vigour and in some detail if they are to win supporters.

This point needs making with some force in the case of the pension funds and insurance companies, because their administration is dominated by a particular ideology which believes that it is possible to judge what is good for millions of pensioners in twenty years time by the price of shares and office blocks today. This ideology does not easily accommodate ideas which argue that industrial investment at low rates of profit is much more likely, given time, to provide a lasting return for society.

The dominance of the prevalent ideology is considerable: the Wilson committee reckons that 13 pension funds account for over two fifths of all funds' assets but, as this ignores the importance of professional fund managers such as the banks in the remaining funds, it may understate the concentration among funds as a whole. Changing this ideology, introducing a new culture among the financial establishment is not an easy task, starting as it does with the need to accept the current low rate of profit. Given the freedom which the British business community has to take the money which it controls elsewhere, extending public ownership may be essential. But institutional changes are clearly not a sufficient condition for reform, as previous nationalisations have shown.

In the immediate future socialists need to find ways of challenging the existing order so that such past mistakes are not reproduced. As it happens, through pension fund trustees many trades unionists have access to the management of part of the financial system. It is far from control, and the other side are in a strong position. But pension funds may be a forum in which current ideologies can be challenged. Equipping their members for this argument might be a first priority of those trade union leaders who support grandiose schemes for a new investment facility.

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A spirit of enterprise at the Ministry of Defence

Duncan Campbell and Robin Cook write: The endeavours of British arms salesmen were acclaimed at this week's Aldershot Army Exhibition by Sir Ronald Ellis, head of the Defence Sales Organisation, with the comment that 96 per cent of his merchandise had 'never been used in anger'. The basis of this quantification — or a list of victims of the remaining 4 per cent of sales, likely to be worth £50 million in exports — was not explained.

Although this year's weapons sales are estimated to be worth over £1200 million, with an increasing emphasis on repressive 'internal security' material, there is some evidence that gaudy weapons displays like BAEE 1980 are a costly flop. The *New Statesman* has obtained a copy of the confidential list of foreign visitors to this year's show. Comparison with similar lists from 1976 and 1978 shows that the Ministry of Defence salesmen have had to reach new heights (or depths).

Although Sir Ronald Ellis claimed that 89 countries would visit the show, only 41 had actually accepted on the last list sent to exhibitors. Some, including Saudi Arabia, refused to attend at all. Dozens of nations refused to send delegates unless the MoD coughed up their air fare and full expenses (West End hotels included). Such free-loaders included Indonesia, Tunisia, Morocco, Mexico, Philippines, Bolivia, Ghana, Guyana, Zaire, Columbia, Turkey and many more. They can hardly be expected to be good paying customers. According to Hugh Braden, the Assistant Under Secretary of State for Defence Sales, the MoD has paid up each time.

Almost all the big delegations came from NATO or other European countries; it is clear that third world attendance (for whom BAEE is primarily intended) has dramatically slumped. This should at least be a heartening sign for Amnesty International who recently published a study of the transfer of repressive technology from Britain. Security forces accused of torture have increasingly been found to be British equipped. The moment of truth came close when, after the fall of Amin, it emerged that his State Research Centre death camp had been liberally equipped by British companies — Pye being particularly prominent. The arms traders continued to lavish their attention on Amin, even after one of their number was clubbed to death by his Ugandan clients.

Twenty seven of the countries attending the Aldershot show feature strongly in Amnesty's lists. A detailed examination of the delegates confirms that there is an increasing interest in surveillance and security equipment, as against conventional military armaments. What, for example, may the Director of Electronics of Malaysian Military Intelligence be looking for? One of the week's well known visitors is also better known away from the conventional battle field: Ulrich Wegener, formerly head of the SAS type GSG9 unit. Wegener was accompanied by GSG9's equipment officer and the head of the German Police Academy Research Dept.

Britain's policy on arms sales, according to the Defence White Paper, is 'a policy of responsible restraint' in which consideration of human rights is given 'full weight'. The truth is that no export licence is required for the supply of any equipment with a civilian as well as a military application, which conveniently excludes from control most of the communications and computer technology which police states wish to acquire. Mrs Thatcher has rejected a demand from Amnesty to bring repressive equipment under export control, complaining that the necessary legislation would be 'adding greatly to the burden of government (in terms of manpower and money) and of British exporters at a time when our export industry already faces serious difficulties'.

The Ministry of Defence also now apparently feels free to publicise its new 'wholly owned commercial subsidiary', International Military Sales Ltd (IMS). This unique example of free enterprise by a Ministry has had little publicity until now; IMS only came to public attention when three of its personnel were apprehended last year before the Ayatollah's revolutionary courts.

Under Secretary Braden claimed that IMS had not ever been an official secret, despite the fact that any details of its £250 million a year operations are omitted from the Defence White Paper. A suitable question about its formation was planted in parliament in 1977, he acknowledged, when the Defence Sales Organisation decided to take it over from the Crown Agents — where it was previously known euphemistically as Millbank Technical Services (almost all its business was military).

Despite all this public funding of extraordinary enterprise, there is little evidence that the weapons trade is actually boosting exports, for those who see this as desirable. At Monday's press conference, DSO head Sir Ronald Ellis conceded that this year's expectation of £1200 million sales represented, in real terms, virtually nil growth over five years. Need they bother at all?

The Sombrero plotters

Ken Fuller writes: The military coup almost made its first appearance in the English-speaking Caribbean with last weekend's unsuccessful coup attempt against Michael Manley's left-wing government in Jamaica. Violence has been increasing ever since Manley announced on February 3 that there would be elections this year: Manley's People's National Party appears to have seen victory slipping from its grasp. A military coup could be justified as restoring 'law and order'.

No names have yet been given publicly for the Jamaica Defence Force men arrested, but one reliable source says that the highest-ranking officer involved was a Captain James. Also arrested were two lieutenants (one, named Argill, a commander of the B150 tank squad), ten corporals and five privates. The only civilian arrested was Charles Johnson, leader of the small, right-wing Jamaica United Front Party.

According to plan, the plotters were to have left their assembly points at the Sombrero Club and the Turntable Club at 3am on Sunday. First Robert Neish, the JDF Chief of Staff, a firm constitutionalist, was to have been killed. Then, a quick dash to Jamaica House, where Manley was to have been seized, taken to the radio station, and forced to broadcast his resignation.

Although the right-wing Jamaica Labour Party has strenuously denied any involvement (its leader, Edward Seaga, is reported to have been out of the country), the *Jamaica Daily News* reported on Monday that the plotters' next intended step was a hand-over to Seaga.

No firm evidence has yet emerged to support allegations of American involvement, although the US military attache, a Col. Lindren, has been a frequent visitor to 'certain elements' at the JDF camp. And the possibility of American complicity is given some weight by the fact that former UN Ambassador Andrew Young, together with Congressman John Dixon, has alleged that the National Security Council has undertaken 'destabilisation' plans aimed at Manley's regime.

An Irish swap?

John O'Callaghan writes: Britain plans to shut down Northern Ireland's ramshackle gas industry, at a cost of £78 million. Meanwhile off the south coast of the Republic the Kinsale natural gas find is better than expected. Anxious to avoid extinction, the North's gas makers have now opened secret negotiations with the Republic's gas board for a supply from Kinsale. The pipeline would qualify for an EEC grant of up to 49 per cent of cost.

Southern gas would be paid for partly by electricity from the North. On present form, by the mid-1980s Northern Ireland will be burdened with twice as much electricity generating capacity as it actually needs, thanks to bad planning in the past. A reopened electrical interconnector with the South would reduce the cost, and embarrassment, of the Northern Ireland Electricity Service; it would also end the Republic's need to think about a nuclear power station.

It is widely believed that Ireland's natural gas field will yield more than the claimed 125m. cu.ft. a day over 20 years. On present use the whole of Northern Ireland would take about 20 million a day; Dublin needs about 10 million and Cork five. Connections to the bulk of the rest of Ireland's urban population could result in a national demand for 50 million cubic feet daily. (The Dublin Gas Company is urging the government to create a national gas grid.) This would still leave plenty for Nitrogin Eireann, the Irish fertiliser plant, which now uses 52 million cubic feet a day.

BP brings the coal in

Pete James writes: BP's bid for the mining finance house Selection Trust — the biggest takeover in British history — highlights the major diversification the oil multinationals are undertaking into natural resources, and in particular coal. These moves — given a particular significance by the Vienna summit's resolution to cut oil consumption — are inspired by the forecasts of a possible trebling in world production of coal-derived products by the end of the century.

The move into coal has been most marked in America, helped by the low stock market value of mining companies, which have thus been easy takeover prey, and the cheap long leases granted on government coal reserves. Oil companies today account for a quarter of US coal output and control up to half the national reserves. By the mid-eighties they are expected to be producing half of America's coal. In addition the oil companies dominate research and development into coal conversion technologies.

BP and Shell have been in the forefront of the moves to extend the oil companies' interests in coal outside America. Shell plan to invest between £100 and £200 million to secure 15 per cent of the world trade in coal by the 1990s. They have recently paid over £300 million for a half share in A T Massey, America's tenth largest domestic coal producer. In addition to other interests in America, Shell has coal investments in southern Africa, Canada, Australia, Belgium and Holland. If some of the more optimistic targets are correct, Shell may control coal production equal to half the UK's present output.

Already British Steel and the CEGB have taken advantage of the cheap coal on long term contracts

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which the oil companies can offer them, and coal imports are forecast to rise to 10 per cent of UK consumption within the next few years. If BP succeeds in its takeover of Selection Trust it will control the Shand open-cast operation — which, although presently a sub-contractor for the NCB, may provide a springboard for independent expansion. A Conservative government might well open up surface mining, Northern Ireland's coal deposits — where the NCB's remit does not at present extend — and (in the longer term) deposits beneath the North Sea. With a private coal sector, hiving off parts of the NCB would become much easier.

IBA plays its old tune

Jonathan Coe writes: One of the most carefully constructed applications for a commercial radio contract to come from a non-business, community based group has been rejected by the Independent Broadcasting Authority. The decision of the IBA to throw out at the first stage the application for the Bristol franchise from Avon Listeners Radio raises serious doubts about whether the Authority is at all interested in encouraging different forms of ownership for independent local radio.

The Avon Listeners consortium was made up of community based welfare and social organisations. Officers were elected and policy thrashed out at a series of public meetings. The application included a number of innovations: listeners would have direct representation on the station; a workshop system would have given listeners help and advice on programme making; a decentralised studio system would have brought studio premises to localities in the Bristol and Bath area. The public way in which the application was assembled generated enormous interest in the city, one of the results of which was that the IBA received an unprecedented number of conventional applications to the franchise, seven in all. The Authority's interviewing panel, chaired by the Marchioness of Anglesey, eliminated all but two of these at the first round. The contract will either go to a consortium of rich businessmen and commercial organisations that make up Radio Avonside, or a similar and much less visible group called Avon Broadcasting.

Analysis of the last two contract awards, in Southend/Chelmsford and Leicester, shows that the IBA favours consortia which include directors of other commercial radio stations, newspaper groups and electronic equipment manufacturers. Among the directors of Radio Eastway, which will operate at Essex station, are William Beets, Managing Director of Greater London and Essex Newspapers, and a director of Capital Radio; and Eddie Blackwell, vice chairmen of AIR Services (an advertising sales agency) and a director of Tay Radio, the Dundee/Perth commercial station. It also includes Howard Garon, a director of Brent Walker Casinos, and Clive James, the critic.

Centre Radio, Leicester, is chaired by Dame Isobel Barnet, and includes as a director Robert Kennedy, managing director of Standard Broadcasting and a former IBA employee. Standard Broadcasting now has interests in 12 commercial stations, Capital, Metro (Newcastle), Pennine (Bradford), Plymouth, City (Liverpool), Trent (Nottingham), Swansea, Devonair (Torbay/Exeter), Severn Sound (Gloucester/Cheltenham), North of Scotland (Aberdeen), West Yorkshire (Leeds), and Centre.

The next contract to be awarded is Ayr, where the Authority faces the first direct attempt by one existing contractor to gain control over a new station. Three applications have been submitted, one of which comes from Radio Clyde — which already controls Glasgow. Clyde would use the Ayr transmitters to re-broadcast its own programme along with a small amount of local Ayr programming.

Meanwhile the Home Office is to launch an investigation into the way the Independent Broadcasting Authority operates its rental policies in both commercial television and radio. The *New Statesman* drew attention to some of the abuses of the system three weeks ago (NS 6 June). The investigation will look into the way television companies calculate their levy on profits and into the system for adjusting and refunding primary and secondary rental in radio.

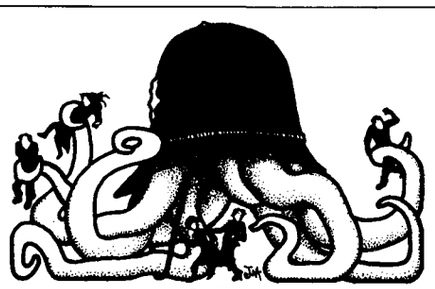
The government also intends to introduce a new clause into the Broadcasting Bill which would require the Authority to re-advertise the radio franchises at the end of eight years. This means that all 19 radio contractors will have their contracts terminated and then re-advertised by the end of 1986. Under the original Bill the IBA was only obliged to 'review' the existing holder of the franchise.

ILO sticks to 'politics'

Denis MacShane writes from Geneva: The United States' desire to tame the increased politicisation of the International Labour Organisation — a desire that turned into a three year boycott, ending this year — boomeranged late on Tuesday night when the annual ILO conference passed a resolution severely critical of Israeli settlements on the West Bank. America had withdrawn from the ILO in 1977 precisely because generalised political resolutions far removed from specific labour problems were being introduced. The United States also disliked the ILO system of public voting which meant that trade union, employer and government representatives from states under one-party rule invariably cast their vote the same way.

The US re-entered the ILO following the introduction of secret voting and a promise that the organisation's business would concentrate on labour issues. Instead the three-week conference has been dominated by the Israeli resolution. One British trade union delegate said: 'I've heard a hundred speeches on the occupation of West Bank. I now know a lot more about the probelm but a lot of other issues which we were scheduled to discuss, like child labour and migrant labour, have been swept off the agenda.'

'We'll keep supporting the secret ballot,' said the US representative, Roy Marshall, who went on to warn that 'other countries can play the game of introducing politically charged resolutions which condemn nations without investigation and due process.' The Americans made it clear that they were back in the ILO for good but no one should be surprised if they return to the 1981 conference publicly and loudly raising questions about, say, the treatment of dissident workers in the Soviet Union or the precise extent of trade union freedom in the majority of Arab countries.



Criminal Justice Bill

NORMAN BUCHAN continues his reports from the committee room.

TWO THINGS dominated the populist law and order election campaign of the Tories — retribution in the case of murder and the short sharp shock for the young offender. And these two things dominated the debates on Part 3 of the Bill, which deals with penalties.

The Tories in Scotland had produced the Emslie Report — 'The Penalties for Homicide'. Its basic recommendation, predictably, was that in passing sentence the Court should, save in exceptional cases, lay down the minimum period to be served before release. It argued that this would add to the deterrent effect of a life sentence. Curiously, the Davies Report in England and Wales had come up with the opposite conclusion — that it would detract from the solemnity and deterrent effect of 'life'. Davies had got it right, and Emslie got it wrong. And the Scottish proposals got short shrift from the Lords when they first discussed the Bill. The Government had to swallow their pride, and their election noises, and allow discretion to the judge to make, or not make a recommendation as to the minimum length of sentence.

We sought to remove this altogether. I argued that if murder was to be seen as a qualitatively different crime, then the appropriate sentence passed by the court could only be life, full stop. But if this were true of the offence, it was not true of the offender; there were gradations of evil in murder, and, if you like, gradations of evil in the offender. Only the executive and the Parole Board should decide when a 'lifer' should be released — and in some cases this would be an apparently small number of years. My amendment was defeated, but so was a minor back bench Tory attempt to restore the full power to the Court to declare the minimum length of sentence.

No such sweet reason prevailed when it came to the short sharp shock. Now, in sentencing a young offender, the judge will have only one basic decision to make — length of sentence. And that alone will determine the kind of treatment the young offender will get. If it is over 4 months it will be served in a Young Offenders Institution, if less, then it will be in a detention centre. In one short, sharp stroke it removes both the magistrate's or judge's discretion, and destroys the existing possibility of variety of treatment and of institution.

The indeterminate Borstal sentence has few friends. No one is very sorry to see that go. But what had been argued was that there should be a wide variety of institutions, and that society, through the bench, should make its judgment on the offence by its sentence, but that from then on it should be the task of the custodial authorities, social work departments and others to find the right kind of environment for the offender. Such flexibility could allow a variation from the strict to the very open — even to the offender serving his time, as it were, in full contact with the community at large.

Figures were quoted. At the existing detention centre, in the year 1978, some 900 young people were admitted. In the same year some 3,000 former inmates were reconvicted. The short sharp shock didn't seem to work, did it? Even within the regime it didn't seem too successful. In the same year, some 350 of the inmates committed some 743 internal offences. No matter, it had become a virility symbol for the Tory Party and the short sharp nonsense remained. Some of us thought it might create a virility symbol for the young offender too — wearing a period in a detention centre as a kind of badge of honour among his peers.

Another frightening statistic emerged when we dealt with Clause 49 (Imprisonment for non-payment of fines). Of the present prison population in Scotland, already about the highest per capita figure in the Western world, 41% are there through non-payment of fines. Again, this Bill has lost the opportunity of coming up with alternative solutions to this problem of people who, as Donald Dewar pointed out, have 'sentenced themselves through fecklessness, financial hardship or a combination of social circumstances.'

We tried to strike a blow for democracy during the passing of the section bringing in, correctly, the power of the court to award compensation to the victim, to be paid for by the offender. Rules for the procedure dealing with this will be by Act of Adjournal. There are something like 2,000 Acts of Adjournal in Scotland, prepared by the College of Senators, the judicial hierarchy. Parliament neither discusses nor votes on these. We rather felt that procedures affecting the circumstances of offenders and victims might be of some importance to their elected representatives. We lost the vote, and were solemnly informed by the Solicitor General that we had 'just voted against 500 years of Scottish Legal History'. We felt rather irreverently elated at this information.

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SOUTH AFRICA
Howard Barrell

Independent labour organisations are denied the right to raise money

Black unions feel the squeeze

AFTER LAST WEEK'S explosion of violence in the Cape Peninsula the area appears relatively calm, despite the continuation of the bus boycott against fare increases. The schools' boycott is expected to fizzle out when term starts again after the June-July vacation. But, as the *Financial Mail* pointed out recently, the country is sufficiently volatile for almost any localised grievance to take on the proportions of a national crisis.

Five thousand African and coloured motor industry workers in the Eastern Cape are currently on strike in support of demands for pay increases of between 80 and 180 per cent. Multinationals which have so far been affected by the strike include Volkswagen and Goodyear, located at the industrial centre of Uitenhage, about 40 miles from Port Elizabeth. They have been joined by the town's municipal workers, and black workers at Ford and General Motors in Port Elizabeth have expressed their 'complete solidarity' with the Uitenhage strikers, giving rise to speculation that they too may down tools.

The motor workers, mainly members of unions affiliated to FOSATU (the Federation of South African Trade Unions), are demanding a minimum of R2 an hour as opposed to the existing R1.15. Tyre workers are asking for their hourly minimum to be raised from R1.15 to R3. (A Rand is currently worth 55p.)

This latest unrest may cause the state to take further repressive action against South Africa's growing independent non-racial and black trade union movement. The government recently used its Fund-Raising Act to prohibit the receipt of funds by FOSATU, the biggest of the independent organisations, whose 13 affiliated unions have a signed-up membership of about 50,000. The prohibition forbids the receipt of both overseas and domestic funds and will, according to FOSATU's legal advisers, even prevent the handing over of money from affiliated unions. Most observers agree that the government's plan is to weaken FOSATU as a national coordinating body, although manpower minister Fanie Botha denies that he was even consulted about the funds prohibition — it was, according to him, purely a matter for the Department of Social Welfare and Pensions.

SOUTH AFRICA'S independent black union movement is made up of three main groupings: FOSATU, the Consultative Committee of Black Trade Unions and the Western Province General Workers' Union. Together they articulate the interests of about 75,000 members, although their latent support on the factory floor is believed to be considerably more than this.

Each grouping has its own ideological or strategic bias — hence their separation. The Consultative Committee pushes for the unionisation of blacks alone (although it has a few whites in advisory positions) and takes a black consciousness viewpoint. FOSATU has committed itself to a non-racial approach, arguing that 'racial divisions on the factory floor can benefit only employers', although most FOSATU-affiliated union members are blacks. The WPGWU too is committed to a non-racial approach but, unlike FOSATU and the Consultative Committee, it has decided not to apply for registration under the government's new Developing Labour Dispensation, which allows registration of black and non-racial unions. WPGWU argues that registration would weaken its position because it would be subject to rigid legal controls. Moreover unionists fear that the government may reject the independent unions' applications and then make it either illegal or impossible for unregistered unions to operate. This would give free rein to the tame 'parallel unions' — separate black unions which fall under the control of white 'parent unions'.

Two historical influences seem to be guiding the tactics of the independent unions at present. On the one hand, the militant South African Congress of Trade Unions (SACTU), which aligned itself largely with the banned South African Communist Party and the banned African National Congress in the Fifties and Sixties, became a victim of the South African security machine. On the other hand, the right-wing Trade Union Council of South Africa, which showed some promise in its early days, has, in the view of black unionists, been sucked so far into the legal technicalities of labour law that its contact with the factory floor is now minimal. In the words of FOSATU's general secretary, Alec Erwin, labour relations, like almost every other aspect of South African life, 'have been brought within the hands of the state's security apparatus'. The passports of two FOSATU officials (one of them Erwin) have been withheld by the government, and six officials of the Western Province General Workers' Union — Mike Morris, John Frankish, Zora Mehlomakulu, Wilson Sidina, David Lewis and Di Cooper — are in detention.

The WPGWU, which has a membership of more than 10,000, has been instrumental in helping the 800 black meat-workers in the Cape who have been locked out by local meat bosses following an attempt to force management to recognise worker-elected committees. But by its actions last week the government has shown that it will not hesitate to act ruthlessly against further unrest.

Johannesburg

IRAN
Frank Harrow

Sooner or later President Bani-Sadr must explain his position

Problems of an Islamic Gaullist

IRAN'S PRESIDENT, Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, is in trouble. It is not merely the embittered opposition of the clerical-run Islamic Republic Party. Something far more basic is at issue, and it runs through all the existing disputes and will continue to do so for a long time to come: how is the President going to square his belief in a modern, presidential, democratic republic with Imam Khomeini's view that to the leading clergy falls 'the right to government over the people ... (and) it is they who must exercise supervision over all the executive, administrative, and planning affairs of the country'? Mr Bani-Sadr's attempt to reconcile his aim of a democratic egalitarian republic with such a theocratic view requires on his part an incoherence of thought. And it is this that is easily made the subject for attack by his clerical opponents.

One bone constantly picked by the President is the 'multiplicity of power centres'. With his sixteen years of life under the Fifth Republic, whose constitution was made highly presidential through the dominance of its early years by de Gaulle, it is perhaps natural that he should think in this way. Westerners inevitably sympathise with him — if you win the competition surely it's only fair that you get the prize.

Yet this approach runs directly against the way in which Iran has been governed for centuries. It has always been the case that the country was ruled from the top but that at each of the lower levels 'overlapping and alternative channels' existed. Robert Graham (in *Iran: The Illusion Of Power*) demonstrates that in the bad old days of the Shah this was the case even in the sensitive area of internal security.

In the clerical world a similar system exists — a hierarchy of sorts but in practice a series of powerful Ayatollahs each with his own following and consequently each with his own pyramid of power — and a jostling for greater influence is part and parcel of their tradition, which of course lacks a 'Pope'. In this sense Iran today is a chaotic continuation of the past; the powerful remnants of oriental despotism are the 'natural' system of government. If beneath the leader there has always been a 'multiplicity of power centres' then the problem, seen from this angle, is the weakness at the top rather than the existence of 'overlapping and alternative channels' below.

Lacking a political party of his own, supported in power by only a relative handful of Western trained young men and women, the President cannot easily use, even if he were inclined to, the jumble of Komitehs, revolutionary courts and guards. Of late he has turned increasingly towards the radical Islamic Mujahedin Khalq for a base (of numbers) and to ex-Premier Bazargan and the old style nationalists of the National Front for figurehead politicians of whom the masses have at least heard.

This course pulls him further away from the Imam-inspired main stream and opens him up to the attack from the fundamentalists. Iran's constitution enshrines, as it stands, the old way of ruling rather than the Bani-Sadr way. Drawn up by lawyers who were well versed in the governmental systems of the US, France and Italy, it was drastically changed in the course of debate by a clerically dominated 'Assembly of Experts'. Most residual powers normally placed in the hands of Presidents were handed over to a completely new post — that of the *Velayateh Faghih,* religious leader. It is for this reason that one recently exposed bitter critic of the President referred to him as

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'Just for receiving medals and honours . . . like the King of England *(sic)*.

For the duration of Ayatollah Khomeini's life this essential dichotomy is going to survive. The balance of power will swing back and forth but only as the Imam says it should. With two powers at the top (three if one counts the powerful clergy) there will inevitably be, by reflection and patronage, such divisions all the way down through the apparatus of government.

The current chaos and turmoil seems to be dying down a little and the President appears a couple of points ahead in the faction fighting, but only because the Imam has ordered this and not because those involved now see sense. One of those close to Mr Bani-Sadr described the recent squabbles as part of the struggle for the succession to the Imam. Following the death of the leader of the revolution such people want the country to go over to a straight presidential system. Only this Imam has the mandate of the masses, from the revolution, they argue — and after this only a popular election could serve to give a mandate, and that the President already has.

By spending so much time in becoming the voice of the better off middle class and the professionals the President must forgive the masses if they think him a nice enough fellow who talks too much and does too little (for them). He may not be the 'Don Quixote' the IRP try to make him out to be but tilting at the natural in an abstruse manner is a good substitute for windmill bashing. At some point Mr Bani-Sadr may do as well to try to win his own arguments rather than hiding behind those of others.

Tehran

GAY RIGHTS
Brian Deer

Homosexuals won't co-operate if the police continue to harass them

Trust is a two-way street

LAST GUY FAWKES DAY at 3.50pm, 15-year-old Martin Allen boarded a London Underground train at Kings Cross and vanished. Where he went and why is still a mystery, but several people believe they saw him once more, just 20 minutes later travelling west between Gloucester Road and Earls Court in the company of an unidentified man. In the following months, scores of police combed London's gay community for the man who they believe abducted Martin 'for violent or sexual reasons'. Gay clubs and pubs were visited, men with records for 'similar activities' were interviewed and hundreds of statements taken. But seven months later, vital information has not been forthcoming and the inquiry has got no further.

As the trail turned cold, another police team went on much the same rounds seeking the murderer of 36-year-old businessman Richard Mercy, who was found battered to death in his Belgravia flat on 31 January. Mercy was a regular at West End and Earls Court gay spots and is thought to have picked up his killer for casual sex. Forty officers were assigned to the hunt, but the leads became scarce and the team has been cut back.

Solving murders where there is no strong connection between assailant and victim is notoriously tricky. But detectives working on both inquiries have hit on added difficulties. 'Our biggest problem is that there are people out there who are gay and who may have information to give, but are reluctant to talk to the police,' said one officer working on the Mercy investigation. 'People are not willing to open their hearts to us.' With many gay men still concealing their sexuality, this reluctance is less than surprising. But there has also been a sharp rise in police action against them. Since male homosexuality was partly decriminalised in 1967, prosecutions for 'gross indecency' have trebled, with substantial police effort devoted to these easily detected victimless offences.

Gay activists say anti-gay attitudes are deeply entrenched among police. The work of Manchester Chief Constable James Anderton, who sought a 'licentious dancing' prosecution against a gay club, is often cited, as is the *Field Manual* by Scotland Yard Deputy Assistant Commissioner David Powis with its numerous references to homosexuals 'and similar amateur criminals'. *Gay News* has begun a regular 'Cottaging Casebook' series documenting police action in public lavatories. Owners of gay clubs in London and Brighton have alleged harassment and discrimination in the enforcement of licensing laws. Arbitary arrests around gay pubs, sometimes involving police *agents provocateurs,* are common.

Mark Rusher

A police car cruising on Clapham Common

Police behaviour towards gays often suggests a strange sense of priorities in the enforcement of the law. In South London, the few dozen gay men who turn up after dark at a hidden cruising spot among trees on Clapham Common have been forced to flee several times nightly in recent weeks as police cars drive among the bushes — often at dangerously high speeds. Officers questioned on the Common about the need for this kind of patrolling claim variously that they are investigating an attack and that complaints have been received from the public. But one gay man who was attacked on the Common recently had cause to doubt their peace-keeping role. After staggering on to the road in front of a police car he was himself arrested.

In Northern Ireland, where sex between men remains illegal in all circumstances, and where Ian Paisley has led a powerful campaign against law reform, the Royal Ulster Constabulary has refused to launch a murder inquiry after a man was found dead last summer at a gay cruising area. Jeff Dudgeon of the Northern Ireland Gay Rights Association says the police treated the matter 'like the accidental death of a habitual drunk'.

Chief Inspector David Veness and Superintendent Charlie Snape, who lead the Allen and Mercy inquiries, can hardly be accused of such indifference. And they have secured co-operation from many gay people who are concerned by the increase in violent crimes, the negative publicity they generate and the police activity they prompt. But as Terry Stewart, who was interviewed after Martin Allen's disappearance, says: 'People are not going to help them in one area if in other areas the police are taking part in a concerted attack on gays.'

For the Allen inquiry, trying to overcome these long-standing problems has meant drafting in a unit of the Special Patrol Group and pressurising men whose only conceivable connection is that they are gay. Their names and addresses have been acquired in the manner of pyramid selling, with each otherwise useless interview leading to others. Dawn raids and forced entry are acknowledged by Veness to be part of the routine. More worrying, however, are allegations that the employers of 'suspects' were informed of their homosexuality and one man, Bill Hawkins, says he was sacked as a result.

It's an approach that has come to be expected. Memories still linger of previous police hunts, including an infamous inquiry in Bradford during 1977. There the police were accused of using an investigation into the murder of an 11-year-old boy as 'a pretext for a witch-hunt against the gay community'. Officers boasted publicly that they could make over 1,000 arrests relating to young men under 21 after interviewing 3,000 people. In April of last year, the NCCL complained to the Home Secretary about Northampton police actions during a similar murder inquiry. Police were accused of intimidation and of revealing the sexuality of men and youths to employers and parents. Although a gay connection has been ruled out, and the crime is still unsolved, information from men resulted in charges being made arising from their own statements.

These tactics, including the increasingly common compilation of lists of 'known homosexuals' and the collection of car registration numbers outside gay meetings, have created problems for later investigations. Police inquiring into the murders of two gay men, Tony Maxwell and Patrick Willett, last year were obliged to use *Gay News* and Gay Switchboard as go-betweens for informants. This arrangement, whereby gay organisations sought to protect people helping the police, was considered an advance. But it had many critics, including a legal adviser who, after being closely involved, concluded that: 'Even in the event of co-operation over something as serious as this, you still get the same treatment.'

Harry Coen of *Gay News* believes that, although the Allen and Mercy inquiries 'put their foot in it' very early on, officers have realised that a more sophisticated approach would have been better. But as one man who helped in the Mercy investigation commented: 'They're banging their heads on a brick wall — and it's a wall the police have built themselves.'

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"Energy crisis?

What energy crisis?"

As Britain becomes self-sufficient in oil, the energy crisis may seem comfortably remote. Such complacency is dangerous.

North Sea self-sufficiency won't last forever. And unless new fields are found and developed, it will barely outlast the decade. Meanwhile, the nation's oil consumption is a moving target: the faster UK demand rises, the harder it will be to keep up with.

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That means using substitutes for oil wherever possible — burning more coal, for example, in industry and power generation.

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It also means developing and investing in alternative energy sources, to begin the transition away from society's present oil dependence.

But efficiency and innovation alone won't keep the crisis at bay. Britain must find and develop more of its own oilfields. The Government's proposal to release 90 more areas for exploration should be just the start of a concerted and consistent policy for further North Sea development. A second generation of North Sea fields is essential to ensure that Britain's energy self-sufficiency doesn't become a thing of the past.

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RACE RELATIONS
Mike Phillips

Police over-reaction is causing a siege mentality in black people

Who is really on the rampage?

THE CHIEF CONSTABLE of Manchester, James Anderton, has in recent months been loud in his complaints about the 'campaign of vilification' against the police. But there's little doubt that the reputation of the police in the North West stems from public reaction to their methods and approach. One incident which took place recently in Moss Side, Manchester, demonstrates the way that police methods either are designed to keep the local population in a state of terror and confusion, or else display a remarkably low commitment to good public and community relations.

The story begins with the rumour on a Friday that the Troops Out movement was due to hold a demo on Saturday. They had in fact booked a hall near the district shopping precinct and announced that they would hold a meeting at the Polytechnic, to be followed by a march to an undisclosed destination, which most people took to be Moss Side. The National Front responded with the threat to be on the streets with a counter demo. As it turned out neither took place. Troops Out had a small picket near the University, and the action between the NF and anti-fascists was confined to a few small scuffles, and a broken window at the Royal Northern College building, where a man took refuge. On the other hand, there were some scuffles in the centre of the town, and a number of arrests were made.

By contrast, Moss Side itself, according to everyone passing through the area on Saturday morning, and up to the time the police moved in, was 'dead'. No one appeared to have noticed any unusual activity. There were, however, a number of black children playing on the empty turf between Alexandra Park Gates and the shopping centre, a length of grass running for about a hundred yards along the road, which is used as an unofficial playground by most of the kids from the neighbouring estate.

At about 3.30pm, two West Indians, a community worker and a local teacher, were driving past the green when they saw a large number of police vehicles approaching Alexandra Road. When they stopped to see what was happening, they noticed 'several policemen and dog handlers, driving the kids off the street. They were shouting at them to go home and chasing them with the dogs.' The men asked a boy what had happened and were told, 'I don't know. We were just playing and they appeared and started chasing us.'

One of the men then approached a dog handler, and asked why this was happening. He was told that there was a crowd of two hundred black youths 'rampaging'. But the only thing like a black youth that any of the eye witnesses could see at the time was the frightened schoolchildren, and subsequent enquiries have failed to locate the rampaging two hundred.

A white youth approached the community worker, while he was speaking to the dog handler, and said, 'it's a waste of time arguing with them.' He was subsequently arrested. His younger brother, who came up to say that his brother hadn't done anything, was also arrested. The middle-aged white woman whom the brothers were visiting nearby spoke to the police, and claims that one of them said something about her son Tony, who had recently hanged himself in Risley Remand Centre. She was being 'restrained' on the ground, screaming 'My Tony's dead', when the community worker, on his way over to see if he could help, was struck on the back of the head. After hospital treatment, he was arrested. The hysterical woman's other son was later arrested.

Of the people that were arrested none could be adequately described as 'rampaging black youths'.

Police actions on this scale, inspired by relatively tiny incidents, are now commonplace in Manchester and other large cities. In London, during the same week, police in Paddington were called to the Mozart Estate, which has a large black population, and is in the constituency of John Wheeler MP (of 'sus' committee fame). The call was the result of a domestic dispute, and it took seven policemen to arrest one grey haired black man in his fifties. After radioing the station for handcuffs, which none of the officers on the scene possessed, they took him away. But a large number of policemen remained. Within ten minutes a scuffle developed with a black youth, whom the police chased through the estate and arrested. By this time there were over thirty policemen and dogs present, and they arrested a white woman before they left. A bag of three, stemming from the original domestic quarrel.

All this passes without comment in the national and local press; but the continual occurrence of incidents of this kind has produced a siege mentality in the inner cities, especially among the black community. The editorial of a black magazine recently told the story of how the editor had taken his niece and nephew to a museum, when the fourteen-year-old nephew wandered off for a few minutes. The nine-year-old niece apparently began to show strong signs of anxiety the moment her brother was out of sight, and insisted that he should be found quickly: 'The police might pick him up.'

E. P. Thompson

Before the invasion

RECENTLY the Soviet historian Roy Medvedev answered a number of questions which I put to him about the current international crisis. Some of his replies were printed in the *Guardian* on 17 June but his views on the Afghanistan invasion have not so far been reported. I asked Medvedev how supporters of disarmament and detente could work together to ensure the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan and to guarantee the independence of non-aligned states in South Asia.

Medvedev stressed that he did not consider Soviet actions in Afghanistan to be isolated events, nor to be the events which started off the new 'Cold War'. Relations between the USSR and the USA had begun to deteriorate much earlier:

> SALT II was, in effect, rejected by the US Senate long before events became critical in Afghanistan, and military co-operation between the United States and China (and, please remember, British-Chinese military co-operation also), which is certainly directed against the USSR, long pre-dated 26 December 1979. The new anti-Soviet thrust in United States policy has been evident for more than two years.

Medvedev said that he did not think that the Afghan affair, 'in all its complexity', could be isolated from a number of prior events, including the Chinese military 'lesson' inflicted upon Vietnam. I asked him whether he thought that the NATO decision, taken in Brussels on 12 December 1979, to modernise its nuclear armaments had strengthened the hardliners in the Soviet leadership, opening the way to the Afghanistan invasion. But he did not consider the NATO meeting decisive: it was part of a general pattern of the development of the Cold War. Both the NATO decision and Soviet military action had been planned for some time.

> In my view the fate of Afghanistan was provisionally decided soon after the assassination of President Taraki by Amin, followed by the intensification of disorganised rebellion against Amin's regime. It became clear that the rebels in Afghanistan would be able to topple Amin's brutal rule — probably after some months of civil war — but that the anti-Amin rebels had neither political unity nor programme, and would be unable to maintain any stable and neutral new administration in the country unless they received direct help from some powerful ally. It was inevitable that either China or the United States would prop up the new regime in Kabul in the event of Amin's fall.

Medvedev recalled that the visits to China of US Defence Secretary Brown, national security adviser Brzezinski and British military officials were arranged long before Soviet actions in Afghanistan: it was clear to the Soviet leadership that the problems of Afghanistan would be on the agenda at the Brown meeting. Against this background, Medvedev said, the NATO decision was probably the last stroke which eliminated the feeling that some reasonable arrangements with Europe might be possible:

> It created a situation in which there was nothing to lose. There were changes of regime in (Afghanistan) several times before 1979, but the USSR never interfered directly because these changes did not result in regimes which were either pro-Chinese or pro-American. In 1979 and 1980 the situation was different — the Cold War was already worsening, and USSR-US as well as USSR-China relations were already at the lowest ebb. And don't forget that there were other factors at work as well: the hysterical build-up of hostility between Iran and the United States since early November 1979, the United States decision regarding a special military force for the Indian Ocean and the Middle East, the desperate search for military bases in that region — all this gave plausibility to Soviet fears that the fall of Amin's regime would lead on, inevitably, to American penetration of Afghanistan.

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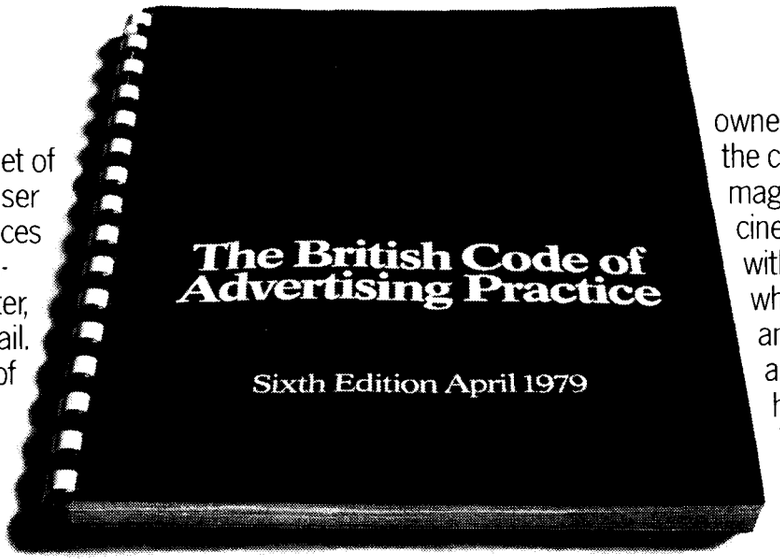

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Every year, millions of advertisements appear. All but a small number comply with the Code and are legal, decent, honest and truthful.

It's the job of the Advertising Standards Authority, in the consumer's interest, to weed out those offenders and, as our name suggests, to keep advertising up to standard.

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To give you an idea of the sort of rules the Code contains, here is an example:

11. *3. Advertisements should not be so framed as to abuse the trust of consumers or exploit their lack of experience or knowledge.*

Who sits on the Council of the ASA?

The Advertising Standards Authority is an independent body.

Although it is financed by the advertising industry (who are incidentally as interested as is the consumer in banning unacceptable advertising), it works independently of the industry.

It has to be independent to be fair and unbiased about complaints.

For this reason, the Chairman is independent and so are the majority of the Council members.

For instance, in the last year we have had a Methodist Minister, a consumerist and a Member of the House of Lords on the Council.

Under the Council's supervision, a full-time secretariat works to make sure that the Code is being adhered to by the advertising industry. And that decisions made by the Advertising Standards Authority are being enforced.

What happens to an advertiser who breaks the Code?

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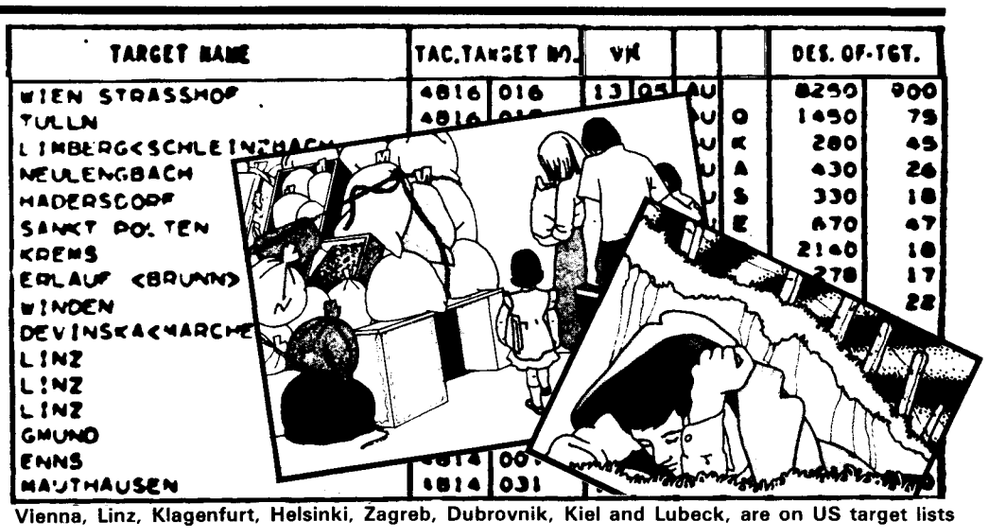
A do-it-yourself guide to death

Nuclear weapons programmes are more easily loved — or tolerated — in the abstract than in concrete detail.

Here, two detailed aspects of nuclear policy are examined: CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS analyses the British Government pamphlet *Protect and Survive,* which purports to show that defence against nuclear attack is conceivable; DUNCAN CAMPBELL reports on the content of US nuclear target documents which outline the realities of nuclear warfare. The US documents were leaked anonymously — which is no more than a crude attempt to insulate the USSR from the obvious criticism that its own (unpublished) target lists are unlikely to be less gruesome.



Vienna, Linz, Klagenfurt, Helsinki, Zagreb, Dubrovnik, Kiel and Lubeck, are on US target lists

IT'S BEEN WELL said that all politicians are liars. But the general truth of the statement can sometimes obscure the truly gigantic, sensational falsehood. On 12 February this year Mr William Whitelaw told one of the biggest lies in modern history to the House of Commons. He said:

> Most houses offer reasonable protection against radioactive fallout from nuclear explosions. Protection can be substantially improved by a series of quite simple do-it-yourself measures.

Since that date, Mr Whitelaw's Home Office has reluctantly agreed to publish and sell a booklet called *Protect and Survive.* The reluctance is understandable. In attempting to 'flesh out' the Home Secretary's deceitful claim, it reveals it to be even more threadbare and pitiful than it was at first glance.

The pamphlet attempts to reconcile several contradictory elements. The first is the widespread knowledge that there is no defence against nuclear weapons. The second is the government's decision not to provide shelters or organise evacuation in the case of war. The third is the extent to which 'Civil Defence' preparation is part of war preparation, and thus a contributor to escalation. None of these obvious assumptions is explicitly stated in *Protect and Survive,* but all can be found in it.

The first point is a very old one. As long ago as 1957 Duncan Sandys's 'defence' White Paper admitted that there *was* no defence against a nuclear strike on the United Kingdom. The yield and accuracy of nuclear warheads has increased many, many times since then. More recently Lord Carver, former Chief of Staff, told the House of Lords (on 6 March 1980) that:

> There was no defence against a ballistic missile nuclear attack and it was a waste of time and money to erect one.

Mr Whitelaw knows this too. That is perhaps why *Protect and Survive* starts off with such weasel words. It says, in faintly menacing bureaucratic prose:

> **Stay at Home.** If you move away — unless you have a place of your own to go to or intend to live with relatives — the authority in your new area will not help you with accommodation or food or other essentials. If you leave, your local authority may need to take your empty house for others to use. So stay at home.

Clear? Having made sure you are stuck at home, the pamphlet tells you to hide under a table in the room furthest from the roof and the outside walls. It has the grace to admit that you are wasting your time if you live in a multi-storey block or a bungalow, but it doesn't suggest any course of action. It does, however, advise this:

> If you live in a caravan or other similar accommodation which provides very little protection against fallout your local authority will be able to advise you on what to do.

You bet they will.

The pamphlet suggests reinforcement of the 'fallout room' with sacks of earth, trunks of books etc. It also recommends the laying-in of enough food (and *water*) to last fourteen days (water to be drunk from the lavatory in one fetching illustration). Other sensible measures such as the painting of windows are advised. The unspoken assumption of *Protect and Survive,* and of the whole Civil Defence programme in Britain, is that we would have *three weeks'* warning of a nuclear attack. This, of course, is just what modern nuclear warfare, with its doctrine of 'counterforce', is designed to do without. The attack must be a surprise. But no matter. Major Idwal Roberts, War Emergency Officer for Hertfordshire County Council, recently told his local paper that his team would need 'three to four weeks' notice'.

If the Soviet Union did not oblige Major Roberts in this way, the position would be as follows. Fylingdales early warning station would transmit a prearranged warning to every police station in the country, who would in their turn sound the sirens. The official paper on this says that no more than two and a half minutes should elapse between the first warning and the sirens. But there are only three point six minutes to play with. And what if (a thought that has just struck me) the attack occurred at night? Whatever happened, the last few minutes of civilisation in these islands would obviously be something of a scramble.

THERE IS ANOTHER direct lie at the heart of official propaganda here. For the purpose of getting people to stay put, *Protect and Survive* threatens them with the consequences of leaving home. A film already made for the Central Office of Information, to be transmitted if time permits, says:

> No place in the UK is safer than anywhere else. No one can tell you where the safest place will be. In fact you will be far better off at home, because it is where you are known.

Yet Air Marshall Sir Leslie Mavor, who is Principal of the Home Defence College, told a civil defence seminar in 1977 that although 'the main target areas would be so badly knocked about as to be beyond effective self-help' those parts of the country 'holding no nuclear targets' might come through 'more or less undamaged by blast or fire'. He opined:

> Their difficulties would be caused by fallout radiation, a large influx of refugees, survival without external supplies of food, energy, raw materials ...

Difficulties indeed. *Protect and Survive* does not even mention them. Its whole intention is not to ensure survival after the event, but to allay public concern before the fact. As you can see, its authors can hardly have believed their own feeble propaganda.

Its authors, in any case, will not have to put their homespun schemes into practice. They will be encased in deep shelters with other selected bureaucrats, military men and 'planners'. If one single thing exposes the hollowness of the civil defence mandarins, it is the cynical way in which they propse to ignore their own advice. Not for them the upended kitchen table, the brimming makeshift lavatory, the whitewashed windows and the improvised sandbag. They propose, and tried to conceal the fact that they propose, to sit it out in airconditioned bunkers out of town, under the Chiltern Hills. Thus, by a perfect apotheosis of our social relations, the Establishment will actually outlive the people.

Occasional lucid moments in official and semi-official publications make this clear. The Civil Aid pamphlet (Patron, HRH The Duke of Edinburgh) tells us that:

> The fire risks can be reduced by white-washing or a coat of light-coloured emulsion paint on windows (even though these will soon be shattered by the blast).

Thanks a lot. Another lucid moment comes in Home Office circular ES 8/1976, which says:

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> Some of the information in this circular may offend individual beliefs. Recipients may wish to restrict its distribution to those who have a need to know.

Since the subject matter of the circular is the business of mass graves and mass cremation, the tendermindedness of the bureaucracy is at least understandable.

At times the instructions and preparations (when you can finally get hold of the leaked material) touch a level of utter lunacy. One of the bunkers will house WTBS, the emergency War Time Broadcasting Service. The Home Office document covering this says that WTBS would concern itself mainly with hints for survivors but that:

> There would be, for morale purposes, an entertainment element.

Then again, Mr Robin Mead, the vice-chairman of Civil Aid, told a press conference in February that after a nuclear attack the problem of food would by no means be a negligible one:

> If you saw a frog running about you would have to wash it down to get rid of active dust, cook it and eat it.

Most touching of all, the two Conservative MPs, Messrs Hodgson and Banks, who wrote the CPC pamphlet on Civil Defence, have made the suggestion that government tax relief should be available to those enterprising enough to build their own shelters. (A small boom in these is, even now, under way.)

Not long ago, a family in Burgess Hill did a simulation experiment in which they followed all the instructions contained in *Protect and Survive*. After the stipulated fourteen days, and without any thermonuclear detonations to hamper them, they reported conditions of cramped and intolerable misery and shortage. It should be emphasised that they were able to secure fourteen days' supply of food and water — a precaution it may not be easy to take in the run-up to the real thing.

None of this has prevented Lord Belstead, until recently the relevant minister for Civil Defence, from saying that while 'only fifteen million' British people would survive a full-scale nuclear war, that figure could be doubled if everybody followed the instructions. Thirty million deaths does still seem a high price, however, to pay for the privilege of being governed by Lord Belstead from a bunker. And while perhaps thirty million people could conceivably survive the war, it is absolutely certain that they could not survive its starving, radioactive aftermath. The issue is not *lives*, but *life*.

Yet we still hear the government talking as if we were 'beating the Blitz' again. Lieutenant-Colonel Raymond Hill, former head of Hampshire Civil Defence, is now the leader of Civil Aid. Many government spokesmen enjoin us to follow the lead of the Devon Emergency Volunteers, raised by Lord Clifford of Chudleigh and Major J. A. Hibbert in the spirit of Drake's Drum. Even Mr Whitelaw's absurd remarks at the head of this article are in the 'do-it-yourself', muddling through, Boy Scout tradition that has caused so many needless casualties in the conventional wars of the past.

Mrs Thatcher is reported by *The Times* to relish practice alerts, and to insist on acting in them herself rather than (as has been the custom) have a civil servant as a stand-in. Evacuation plans, we learn, were only scrapped for the rest of us when it was realised that Dr Beeching's cuts in branch lines had made them impossible. The whole exercise reeks of the worst sub-Churchillian posturing.

Still, *Protect and Survive* is a booklet to keep handy. It advises you, if caught in the open by a nuclear explosion, to lie down and pull a coat over your face. It advises you, if caught in your place of work, that 'If you can reach home in a couple of minutes try to do so.' If not 'take cover where you are or in any nearby building.' It advises you that 'you cannot remove radiation from water by boiling it.' It advises you to 'remember that you may hear a fallout warning without hearing an explosion.' It advises you, in perhaps its finest sentence, that

> If there is structural damage from the attack you may have some time before a fallout warning to do minor jobs to keep out the weather — using curtains or sheets to cover broken windows or holes.

The desire to see Lord Belstead or Mr Leon Brittan about these tasks becomes almost unhealthy at this point.

There is one final, appalling irony. During the Cuba crisis there was no civil defence alert in this country, or in the USA or the Soviet Union. Why not? Because civil defence is part of war preparation, and any power seeing a rival engaging in such civil defence work may assume that a pre-emptive strike is on the way — and pre-empt it. Thus, even the pathetic measures of *Protect and Survive* may not actually be implemented lest they alert the foe.

There are only two deductions to be made from this, and they both lead to the same conclusion. *Either* the authors of *Protect and Survive* (whose identity ought to be more widely known than it is) are aware that they are talking nonsense about the possibility of survival after a nuclear exchange. *Or* they are deceiving the public about the extent to which government could, or would, make any difference. In both cases, the conclusion is that a 'softening-up' is being prepared.

If Sweden or Switzerland make civil defence preparations (as they do) they do not invite attack and nor do they cheat their voters about the chances of survival. Our government, which has opted for unilateral nuclear rearmament, is not in that position because it has made us a target. Civil defence is useless for a nuclear weapons power. It only helps to coerce and bamboozle a population into accepting, step by step, a level of risk which it would never accept at one go. The Home Office planners envisage 13,000 Hiroshimas, or 200 megatons, as the likely order of devastation we would undergo. We are looking straight into the face of barbarism. It is that face which *Protect and Survive* wishes to obscure. Is it too late for the people to prepare to outlive the Establishment?

Edward Thompson and Zhores Medvedev will be pursuing these questions at a meeting in Central Hall, Westminster on 10 July at 7.30 p.m.

NUCLEAR WARFARE 2

How to blow up the world

OFFICIAL DISCUSSION of nuclear weaponry involves much complicated jargon, but rarely if ever descends to the gritty realities of which targets would be hit, when, and with what — if any — military justification. This is the usefulness of the documents on US strike plans and targets which were sent to MPs and a number of newspapers last week. The 80 pages of Top Secret material include part of the US Air Force Europe *Nuclear Yield Requirements* manual, giving lists of targets in enemy, neutral and friendly countries with precise details of their dimensions and vulnerability to nuclear attack. The strong impression that they convey is that even in the '60s (the period from which they date), the situation was one of overkill with an oversupply of weapons dictating strategy and tactics in a search for credible nuclear targets. The situation will not have become less disturbing since then, for both NATO and the Warsaw Pact powers have augmented their supposedly 'tactical' nuclear armouries many times.

The documents are, according to western strategic specialists and previous statements by NATO authorities, virtually completely authentic. The source of the material, however, is ultimately the Soviet KGB, who obtained a massive haul of such material when Soviet agent Sergeant Robert Johnson of the US army filmed dozens of top secret plans at a vault near Paris in the early 1960s. All of the present material dates from this period. In 1969 and 1970, most if not all was provided to magazines in Italy and West Germany. *Stern* serialised information from *Nuclear Yield Requirements* in three successive issues in 1970, focusing on plans for nuclear attacks on airfields at Kiel and more than a dozen other *West* German cities to deny their use to any Warsaw Pact invaders. At that time, West German NATO officials acknowledged that the manual — and other documents dealing with plans for the use of chemical, biological and radiological warfare, 'atomic demolition munitions' and guerilla warfare — were authentic.

The *Nuclear Yield Requirements* manual, Volume 1, is 146 pages long, and appears to contain over 2800 targets — possibly double this number — throughout Europe and in parts of the Middle East. The targets are not strategic and do not include missile silos, but consist for the most part of lists of airfields and other facilities. These are letter-coded, and include railway and highway bridges, railway marshalling yards and sidings, military headquarters and camps, troop concentrations, waterways, port areas, motorway junctions and major and minor airports.

All of these, in military terms, are soft targets not requiring to be attacked by nuclear weapons. But, by 1963 (and the situation has now become considerably worse) the US had already stockpiled so many nuclear weapons in Europe that there was no other use for them than to target railways, bridges or motorway intersections.

The manual lists 16 different sizes of

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weapons, ranging in power from 2.5 kilotons (one quarter of the size used on Hiroshima) to 1.4 megatons. All would be dropped by nuclear strike aircraft of the US Air Force Europe. These include F-111s from Upper Heyford near Oxford and Lakenheath in Suffolk, together with Phantoms and other aircraft based in East Anglia. It was estimated by strategic specialists that even by 1962 these and other USAF bombers could drop 18 to 20 *thousand megatons* of nuclear weapons in Europe and the USSR within a 24 hour period.

Such gargantuan statistics are given a more comprehensible meaning by the Soviets' timely re-circulation of this manual. The most eye-catching feature of the US target list is the considerable number of targets which have been prepared in friendly countries — West Germany and Iran in particular — and in neutral countries such as Finland, Austria and Yugoslavia. But the target list for the USSR and the Warsaw Pact perhaps provides more daunting reading, on reflection. For, where the United States has targeted every minor airstrip, railway yard, important industrial sites and road bridge for destruction, the Soviet target lists will have a similar spread for Western Europe. For Leningrad airport, read Manchester Ringway. For Helsinki airport, read Shannon and Cork. For a motorway intersection at Linz, read Spaghetti junction.

Two pages of the Top Secret manual list the country codes used by the US for nuclear target plans. A little comfort is to be had here for the UK. There is no country code listed for Britain; nor any countries in North or South America; nor South Africa or Rhodesia in Africa; nor Australia or New Zealand in Australasia. There are, one can only infer, plans for US nuclear attacks everywhere else, if it became necessary during a war. The manual, for example, contains at least 60 targets in Iran, Iraq, Syria and Egypt, all of which would presumably be destroyed to prevent any flanking move into the Middle East by the Soviet Air Force. The targets include three airfields around Cairo, three around Tehran, one at Baghdad and even one, Habbinayah in Iraq, which was then run by the British Royal Air Force. Unsurprisingly, the manual is stamped on every page *'Special handling required: not releasable to foreign nationals'.*

ON REACHING TARGET NO 5576 (Zadar in Yugoslavia), the last listed, there can be little doubt that the nuclear strike plans of the US Supreme Allied Commander Europe are nothing if not comprehensive. Throughout these and related documents, there is little concern for the after- or side-effects of such unmitigated nuclear warfare. Field commanders are given optional target data for ground level 'contact' bursts as well as bursts at some altitude, irrespective of the enormously different radiological effects from fall out. With more than a dozen targets in Schleswig Holstein (West Germany) alone, such a trivial choice for the CO of Upper Heyford would determine life or death for its citizens and those of southern Denmark, if occupied by the Warsaw Pact and the US counterattacked.

Nuclear Yield Requirements is only, of course, a ready reference book on prepared nuclear targets. To set it in context, last week's mailings also conveniently included a selection from US Army plans of the period, which formed part of the KGB's 1960s take.

Four such plans have been sent to the *New Statesman:* two of them — OPLAN 100-1 and OPLAN 100-6 — lay out the US European Command's intentions for a general European war. OPLAN 100-1 foresaw a Soviet attack; but OPLAN 100-6 deals with a US pre-emptive strike on the Soviet Union, purportedly 'in response to unequivocal strategic warning of impending major Sino-Soviet bloc attack'. However this 'definition' seems to be little more than a cover for a general plan to destroy Soviet military forces and 'liberate' East Germany and Czechoslovakia. Such a limited intent in Eastern Europe (no mention is made of the liberation of Hungary or Poland, although there is an explicit reference to West Germany annexing East Germany) suggests that the real intent of the European Commander's plan envisaged less than total nuclear war. His mission was:

> to exploit military and political opportunities ... generated to penetrate into certain European satellite areas in order to create situations favourable to successful satellite rebellion against Soviet domination.

This would not altogether be without cost:

> the Soviet forces may employ chemical warfare as well as nuclear weapons as a retaliatory measure.

The US did not expect NATO to stay together in such a move:

> As all of NATO may not elect to participate in these operations it is envisaged that a new allied arrangement would be formed following decisions within each country ... (But) if all of NATO does not join in the pre-emptive attack and subsequent offensive operations, as a minimum (it is assumed that) the United Kingdom, Italy, Germany, Greece and Turkey will participate.

But not without cost:

> the nuclear exchange will result in extensive damage to many municipalities and industrial areas, and will require substantial assistance to restore the economic viability in these areas. ... Commanders will initially take measures to protect the health of the military force; (and) prevent undue suffering and distress of the civil populace.

THIS WAS THE ERA when John F Kennedy had publicly pledged the US to 'no first use' of nuclear weapons. It was, too, the era of the fictitious 'missile gap' which sparked the arms race to its fastest pace. It was still the era when the spectre of Soviet aggression kept the cold war fires fuelled.

Secretly, according to OPLAN 100-6, it was also the era of pre-emptive US Attack Options I and II:

> Attack Option I ... the objective is the destruction or neutralisation of the Sino-Soviet Bloc strategic nuclear delivery forces posing a threat to the US and its allies and allied forces overseas.
>
> Attack Option II ... Option I plus the destruction or neutralisation of other elements of Sino-Soviet Bloc military forces and military resources in being.

Attack Option II was expected to wipe out 13 of 20 Soviet divisions and 10 out of 20 satellite divisions positioned in eastern Europe. These Options formed part of the US plan for general nuclear warfare, the Strategic Integrated Operations Plan, SIOP, which continues in force.

This is where *Nuclear Yield Requirements* fits in; OPLAN 100-6 instructs the commander of USAFE to:

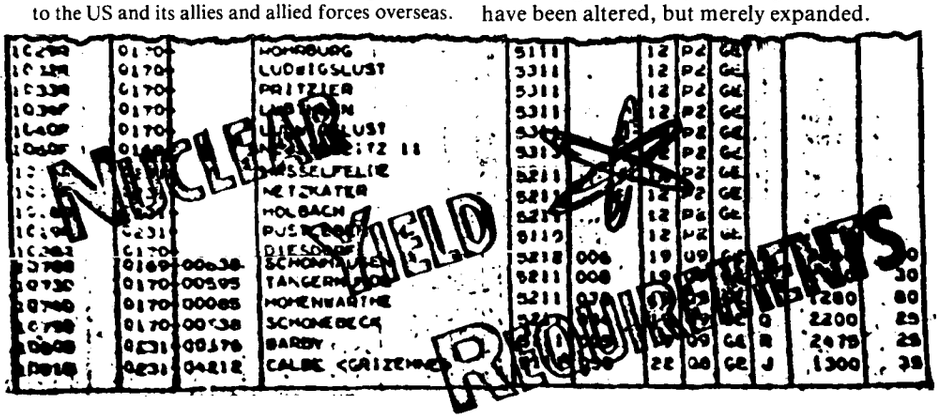
> deliver nuclear attacks ... in support of Attack Option II of the SIOP and the Scheduled and Regional Program of SACEUR'S NSP (the Nuclear Support Plan of the Supreme Allied Commander Europe)

The plan also envisaged guerilla warfare options by the US Special Forces, which would include the use of chemical, biological and nuclear weapons.

Copies of these documents have been sent by two of the recipients, Labour MPs Stan Newens and Stan Orme, to the Defence Secretary Francis Pym with a request for his comments on their authenticity. He sent them to the US Embassy who have forwarded them to the Pentagon. A rapid response is not expected. According to the US Embassy spokesman, Political Secretary Jim Dobbins, the US is unlikely to provide a detailed refutation of any parts of the documents which could have been altered or tampered with by the KGB. The Pentagon expressed weary familiarity with the 'leak', he explained. Was it probable that these were the authentic products of Sergeant Johnson's treachery, and the same as the material which circulated elsewhere in Europe a decade ago? 'Nothing would indicate otherwise', he said.

The Soviet circulation of secret US war plans provides an informative focus for the reborn campaign for British nuclear disarmament, which led to last Sunday's Labour Party organised demonstration. The circulation list of the recent documents — nine Tribune MPs, plus 5 periodicals — gave some clues as to the senders, who posted their wares from Paddington and Croydon. The MPs selected had all had dealings with the World Peace Council, which the Soviets back. The periodicals were a more catholic selection, including the *Sunday Telegraph.* With a touch of Moscow-leaning vitriol, the *Morning Star* was excluded in favour of the *New Worker* and *Tribune.*

Unfortunately, all of the documents were incomplete — only 40 pages of *Nuclear Yield Requirements* out of more than 160 were sent — and less than up to date. However, according to specialists at the International Institute of Strategic Studies, the target list will not have been altered, but merely expanded.



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Destructive, but far from mindless

Margaret Thatcher's critics usually suggest that her monetarist outlook is 'irrational'. ANDREW GLYN and JOHN HARRISON argue that, on the contrary, Thatcherism is a coherent set of policies and must be understood if it is to be defeated.

MILTON FRIEDMAN attributes a major role in both the Russian revolution of 1917 and the Chilean counter-revolution of 1973 to extreme inflation. These inflations, like all others, are seen by him as 'arising from a more rapid increase in the quantity of money than in output' (*Sunday Telegraph*, 17 February, 1980). So it would seem that the monetarist theory of inflation is also, by extension, a theory of revolution — too much money causes inflation causes revolution.

To be fair, Friedman sees dimly that it is necessary to probe a little deeper. He admits that 'the more basic question is why do modern governments increase the quantity of money too quickly?' His answer is that it enables them to spend more without raising taxes — the age-old temptation to get something for nothing. But this does not get us very far. Why do some governments succumb to this temptation and others not? Is it all a matter of moral fortitude?

The answer is clearest in extreme situations such as those Friedman cites. Few would deny that the Kerensky and Allende governments were subject to intense class pressures, and that they resorted to printing money because of the extreme difficulty of governing in the face of them. Allende, for example, was elected on a radical programme which included big increases in state spending. With only a minority in Congress, he was unable to finance higher government expenditure by taxing the wealthy. Under tremendous pressure for reforms, but unwilling to mobilise his supporters to crush the power of the bourgeoisie, he fell back on the printing press. The inflation which followed was exacerbated by shortages, due in part to the actions of such groups as the lorry drivers. Explaining these events in terms of Allende's 'irresponsible' printing of money is facile in the extreme.

The world-wide inflation of the seventies has been less dramatic than the Chilean experience. But it too has been in large part the economic reflection of class pressures. By the late Sixties, labour markets had tightened in a number of countries. Trade unions were strengthened and workers were able to win large wage increases. Raw material prices rose rapidly due to shortages and the resultant tilt in bargaining power in favour of the producers. Firms needed substantial price rises to maintain profits and investment. Governments bowed to capitalist pressure and operated soft monetary policies to permit continued expansion at higher prices. The process was lubricated by enormous US military expenditure in South East Asia — a response to the political class pressures of the Vietnamese revolution — which underpinned a massive growth in the world money supply.

Monetary expansion was important in this process. To deny it any active role, and to assert, as Lord Kaldor does (NS 14 March 1980), that rapid monetary growth *'reflects* inflation but does not *cause* inflation' is to oversimplify matters almost as much as Friedman does.

The correct point to make is that rapid monetary growth always reflects more basic pressures. Sometimes growth in the money supply is the direct mechanism transforming these pressures into price increases through the additional demand financed. On other occasions monetary growth follows price increases and plays a more passive and permissive role, allowing expansion to continue. There is no simple, fixed causal relationship applicable at all times.

It is precisely the futile search for such a relationship which underlies many disputes between econometricians. Many of Friedman's critics mistakenly accept his positivist view that the only test of a theory is its predictive performance, and wheel out their own models to do battle with his. But this is not the real issue. Even if the rate of growth of the money supply could be used to predict inflation perfectly (which few monetarists now claim), it would still remain superficial as an explanation.

> 'No one would win a Nobel Prize for the thesis that the production of intoxicating beverages is the cause of alcoholism'

Friedman is fond of drawing an analogy between alcoholism and inflation. These days no one would win a Nobel Prize for the thesis that the production of intoxicating beverages is the cause of alcoholism (even if it *were* found that an increase in alcoholism always followed one in liquor output with a short and unvarying lag). The practical significance of monetarism lies in its policy prescriptions. To say that monetarism is at best superficial as an explanation of inflation is by no means to argue that tight money policies are impossible, or that they will have no effects. What are their objectives? Whose interests do they serve? Will they work?

SUCH POPULAR SUPPORT as monetarism enjoys largely derives from the commonsense view that inflation results from 'too much money chasing too few goods'. Since most people suffer from rising prices, the notion that inflation can be cured simply by a go-slow at the Mint has obvious attractions.

Even monetarists do not promise an entirely painless cure for inflation. Friedman recently wrote that 'reduced monetary growth produces a subsequent slowdown in spending reflected first in output and employment, and later in inflation' (*The Times*, 3 March 1980). But he does suggest that the discomfort is both mild and temporary (a period of one or two years is often mentioned). Soon, 'as inflation slows, output and employment begin recovering'. The temporary rise in unemployment is followed 'by a much sharper reduction in unemployment later'.

What is the basis for this claim? Friedman never explains. He can do no more than appeal to the chimera of a self-regulating company, disturbed only by governmental excesses. Interestingly, when writing about the UK, he shows an awareness of more intractable problems:

> While monetary restraint is a sufficient condition for controlling inflation, it is a necessary but not sufficient condition for improving Britain's productivity — the fundamental requirement for restoring Britain to full economic health.

But his policy prescriptions on this score are little more than sloganeering. What is needed, we are told, are 'measures on a broader front to restore and improve incentives, and give a greater scope for private enterprise and initiative.' Well perhaps, but how?

The Tory cabinet has definite ideas. In Thatcher's and Joseph's hands monetarism is a device for engineering slump and mass unemployment as a means to raising productivity. The threat of bankruptcy is to provide capital with the 'incentives' and 'scope for private enterprise' needed. Fear of the dole queue is to fulfil the same functions for workers.

The strategy is a desperate one, but so is the situation. Britain's economic decline has reached potentially catastrophic proportions. The after-tax rate of profit for industrial and commercial companies has fallen from 12.5 per cent in 1964 to 4.7 per cent in 1978. Predictions for 1980 average around 2 per cent. The OECD estimates the decline in UK competitiveness over the last three years — resulting from rising unit costs relative to rivals, and the appreciation of sterling — at 40 per cent. The workshop of the nineteenth century world is close to losing its entire manufacturing base.

Other policies have failed to stop the rot. The ill-fated Barber boom of 1972-74 showed that even massive expansionary measures will not spark off an investment upsurge when profits and competitiveness are poor. They lead only to price acceleration and speculation. With the break-down of Callaghan's wage policy, the other main alternative — which was in any case at best a holding operation — has been closed for the moment. Radical deflation is now the best option available to the ruling class.

The idea is that mass unemployment and the threat of bankruptcy and redundancy help employers to force through rationalisation. Older plants can be closed, working practices jettisoned and line speeds increased more easily if workers' opposition is weakened by fear of the dole. When weak firms go bust, their assets can be taken over by more effective management. This is why cuts in state aid to industry are integral to Tory monetarism; it is no good driving firms towards bankruptcy only to rescue them at the eleventh hour.

The specifically *monetary* aspect of the deflation plays a similar role. Cutting demand by fiscal means (tax increases and/or public spending cuts) would precipitate fewer bankruptcies and redundancies if firms could

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ride out the storm by getting deeper into debt.

Obviously, little would be gained if productivity increases were offset by correspondingly higher wages. But mass unemployment also helps employers in wage negotiations. It is not necessary to accept the mechanical 'Phillips curve' relation between wage increases and unemployment to recognise that long dole queues weaken trade unions' ability to win pay rises.

It is at wages, rather than output prices, that the 'anti-inflation' aspects of monetarism are directed. With profits perilously low, a round of price increases *without repercussions* would be welcomed by the Tories. The problem is that, with strong trade unions, the gains are rapidly wiped out by further wage rises, and the threat of an uncontrollable wage/price spiral looms larger. High unemployment offers a chance to break the link, but unemployment is not thought sufficient to cow the unions. So legislation to reduce their power is intended to complement 'market pressures'. It also stands more chance of success when these pressures are working to reduce trade union resistance. After all, the Tories envisage a time when expansion will be possible. Shop floor organisation must be permanently weakened by then, or past problems will simply recur.

Public spending cuts also have both a short and longer term objective. Immediately, they play a deflationary role. The fact that, as Kaldor has pointed out (NS 14 March 1980), reduced government borrowing does not guarantee slower monetary growth is beside the point. Reduced government spending does guarantee lower production and employment. It is another means to the same end.

In the long run the cuts are intended to 'make room' for an investment boom — promised at some hazy future date. There would be little point in driving up profits if they had then to be lent back to the government to finance expanded public services. For spending on the social services adds next to nothing to labour productivity, while interest on borrowing to finance it constitutes a drain on profits. From capital's perspective, it is essential that any gain in profits is devoted to industrial investment, to jack up productivity, competitiveness and hence future profits.

Many of these measures have yet to bite deeply. But at least one company has already been thoroughly chewed over. BL's recent experiences constitute Thatcherism in microcosm — monetarism in one company. Michael Edwardes has used tight government control over the purse strings to push through sweeping plant closures. Those still open have been subjected to savage cuts in operating levels. The threat of further axing has been used to push through a pay deal involving a 15 per cent cut in real wages and the introduction of new working practices aimed at smashing shop floor power. Management has also launched a witch-hunt against trade union militants, of which the sacking of Derek Robinson is the most publicised example.

In 1953 a run-down Japanese truck producer called Nissan began a meteoric rise to the status of major car manufacturer and household name — Datsun. It did so by importing technology from Austins. To force through new work practices, the company provoked a long and bitter strike. By its close, one of the strongest shop floor organisations in the country had been smashed and replaced by a company union. Today, Edwardes aims to import not only Honda models but also Japanese-style unions.

Friedman's announcement that Tory monetary targets are too tight (cited by Hird and Wintour NS 14 March 1980) is neither surprising nor pertinent. They certainly are too restrictive for the gentle winding down of inflation he advocates. But that is not what Thatcher and Joseph have in mind. Although concerned with inflation, they aim above all to raise productivity and contain wages, and they believe this can best be achieved by a prolonged slump.

THATCHER'S CRITICS usually depict her as a vandal, wantonly destroying British industry. Some see the motive as pure class hatred, others as a naive faith in laissez-faire economics. But most agree that the policies are irrational. This is quite wrong.

To say that the strategy is both coherent and the best available to the ruling class is not to say that it will work. The obstacles are formidable. For one thing, Thatcher has no way of knowing how deep a depression is needed to prompt the required rationalisation. Moreover, a slump has highly contradictory effects: while it helps pave the way for long-term improvements, it hits profits in the short run as sales fall, competition hots up and the burden of fixed costs rises.

Hird and Wintour are quite right to point to disquiet among sections of industry. Capital would ideally like the benefits of slumps — especially increased power over the shop floor — without its adverse effects. But it cannot have its sherry and drink it. As the policies begin to pinch, while the benefits remain as yet unfulfilled promises, the clamour for a U-turn will grow louder.

Such an about-turn could come too late. A sustained deflation, in which the monetary screws are continually tightened, could lead to a collapse of capitalist confidence. This would result in a much sharper decline than was intended. A policy reversal might then prove powerless.

Rationalisation and the smashing of trade unions can at best only pave the way for expansion. High productivity is of limited value if the output cannot be sold. Since the world depression rules out an export-led boom, an expansion would have to be engineered. Boosting military expenditure might be a prime way to do so; it would fit in neatly with the atmosphere of repression needed to keep the labour movement down. The 'natural' rate of unemplyment, so beloved by monetarists, is in essence the rate at which employers can impose a sufficiently high ratio of productivity to wages. If this 'natural' rate is to be reduced — that is, fuller employment restored — trade union power must be smashed.

This takes us to the heart of the matter. For the most formidable obstacle monetarism faces is the labour and trade union movement. Its opposition has been slow to develop (due in large part to the demoralising experience of the last Labour government). But the Tories have already underestimated the determination of the steel workers, whom they had expected to be a push over. There can be little doubt that opposition will grow.

Pressure from the trade unions is the factor most likely to provoke a U-turn. It would seriously undermine the effectiveness of the policies, and thus employers' support for them. It would also engender fear of a labour movement offensive against the power of capital. Presumably this is what Sir Ian Gilmour had in mind when he remarked recently that 'it would be foolish to think that we can forget the political consequences of what we do.' It is an ironic comment on the economics profession (or at least its monetarist wing) that *The Times* leader writer interpreted this remark as evidence that Gilmour knows 'little or no economics at all.'

But the Left must also brush up on its political economy. The rise of monetarism is no accident. It is a product of the transparent failure of traditional keynesian remedies to cure the ills of the seventies. (It is worth noting that neither of the originators of the theory of effective demand — Keynes and Kalecki — would have subscribed to the caricature of their ideas that became 'traditional' keynesianism. They knew the problems were more intractable. Hird and Wintour op. cit. are right to cite Kalecki's seminal 1943 essay *The Political Consequences of Full Employment.*) Yet much of the labour movement seems blind to this failure. Many Labour Party and TUC leaders appear to believe that reflation would solve everything. The Labour left has admittedly moved beyond mainstream keynesianism in important respects: its 'Alternative Economic Strategy' recognises the need for direct state intervention to promote industrial investment. Unfortunately, some advocates of the strategy suggest that such policies will be in the interests of both capital and labour.

Andrew Glyn was a co-author of *British Capitalism, workers and the profits squeeze* (Penguin 1969). John Harrison is the author of *Marxist Economics for Socialists* (Pluto).

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London Diary

☐I can dispel some of the mystery surrounding the world's fastest-growing bank. The Bank of Credit & Commerce International (BCCI) began in 1973, and now has 190 branches in 40 countries. Its assets grew by $1 billion last year, and stand now at $3.8 billion, but by havings its home in Luxembourg it avoids disclosing its shareholders. I now have a list (given fully, for those interested, in my footnote), from which some interesting information can be picked out. (It dates from just before Bank America Corporation and Bamerical International Financial Corporation pulled out, and I don't know who took over their shares.)

BCCI's founder-president is a Pakistani businessman, Agha Hasan Abedi, who was a close acquaintance of the late Field Marshal Ayub Khan, and is a confidant of the present military dictator (whose son used to be employed by the BCCI subsidiary in Oman). Is the hostility of established Western bankers — which led to Bank America's withdrawal — due to patrician dislike of an Asian bank which chiefly employs Asians? Perhaps more to the point is the mystery over ownership of the bank, on which we can cast some light. Money has been invested by the Shaikhs of Abu Dhabi, Dubai, Sharjah and Bahrain, and by three Princes of the House of Saud; but on a scale designed merely to indicate approval. The three largest holders are International Credit & Investment Co (Overseas) Ltd, with 35.4 per cent, Thesaurus Continental Securities Corp. with 11.43, and HE Dr Ghaith Pharaon with 10.57 per cent. The first is clearly Mr Abedi, the second is a mystery, and the third ... therein, perhaps, lies the tale.

Pharaon is the son of the late King Ibn Saud's physician. In the Sixties he received an £80,000 payment for opening many Saudi doors on behalf of the British Aircraft Corporation — a fact revealed by Anthony Sampson in *The Arms Bazaar*. If the BCCI won't open its books and reveal just what business it does, wouldn't it be in order for some worthy body like the Third World Foundation to undertake some serious research into the rise of the Third World's most-successful banking organisation?

☐C.L.R. James, the veteran West Indian Marxist historian, was unrepentant when I met him last week. He feels that his views have been vindicated more than once by the turn of events. He is in London to help his English publishers, Allison and Busby, launch the revised edition of his classic, *The Black Jacobins,* which, as Paul Foot has already stated in these pages, is a book like none other. It retails the history of the most successful slave uprising in history: the Haitian revolution of 1789-1815 and its leader, Toussaint L'Ouverture. James feels that it is particularly apposite today in South Africa. Now in his eighties, he is mildly surprised at the interest which is being shown in him. When the book was first published in 1938 it was boycotted by the left establishment. CLR was ferociously anti-Stalinist and not too popular with the 'friends of the Soviet Union'.

As we talked he kept one eye on the TV screen for the announcement of the teams for the Lord's Test. His other passion has always been cricket and his other classic is a work entitled *Beyond a Boundary*. CLR is proud that he is both a Marxist and a cricket fanatic. He recalls an argument with Trotsky on the subject in the Thirties. His explanation of the mass popularity of the sport in the Caribbean and South Asia is certainly original. It is a sport of the oppressed. Why? 'It was the only art form from the West that the illiterate masses could appreciate. Literature, music and painting were for the elite and the intellegentsia. Cricket was for the people.' And as this old man talks old passions are rekindled. A cricket match, seen from a distance on a summer afternoon, appears in the mind's eye like a ballet. James is in no doubt that the black Jacobins of cricket are the West Indians.

☐When I ask who is the greatest of them all he does not even pause to reflect: 'Viv Richards! The way he plays is something new. John Arlott wrote a book called *The Great Ones* and he chose eight top batsmen. Among them was George Headley, the West Indian cricketer. Now I never thought that Sobers or the three W's or anyone else ever batted better than Headley, but this boy Richards is a marvel. I saw the 219 he made in 1976. It was something new, batting as we haven't known it before. He is an extraordinary batsman altogether. The way they drop the ball on the off-stump or just outside and he keeps on hitting it through the on-side fieldsmen to the boundary. The precision of the shot is such that you could think he's playing billiards.' Before I can ask him whether he will umpire the cricket event of the season — the 14 July fixture between *Socialist Challenge* and *Socialist Worker* — the Test has begun and CLR is firmly glued to his set. We shall have to approach Stuart Hall instead ...

☐Last Sunday's demonstration against the Cruise missiles was quite impressive. It was nice to see that some of the old CND banners had been preserved, though I couldn't help feeling that many of the youth who marched behind them were, in a literal sense, the children of Aldermaston. This feeling was further strengthened when one saw groups of nuclear families departing at the end of the demonstration in Hyde Park. It was undoubtedly the day of the constituency Labour parties. They massively outnumbered the unions, who had clearly not mobilised for the event, though it was good of four brothers to struggle all the way from the South Bank to Hyde Park with the splendid T&GWU banner even though there was no one behind it. What was needed was some warmth at the end of the demonstration, to make up, so to speak, for the wind and the rain that accompanied the march. But the speeches were lacklustre and uninspired. Healey, Rodgers and Owen would have been pleased to learn that not one of their colleagues called for British withdrawal from NATO. For myself I would much rather have stood in the rain and listened to Edward Thompson than to Michael Foot, and something tells me that a sizeable section of the audience felt much the same. A good start to an important campaign, though a lot more will have to be done in order to prevent the missiles from being stationed here.

☐Sanjay Gandhi's death will undoubtedly have some political repercussions inside the Congress Party, though not as many as the media in this country are tending to suggest. I confess that I cannot fully focus on what these might or might not be at the present moment. What is irritating me is that this plane crash is bound to increase the hold of religion and superstition within broad sections of the masses. I am convinced that many victims of the forced sterilisation campaigns and the slum-clearance schemes will view the matter as a clear indication that the Divine Being is on their side. It will take some time to convince them that they are wrong and that their emancipation will need other acts than those of God.

☐It would appear that I owe an apology to the Tooting branch of the Communist Party for claiming that they were backing anti-abortionists. Some doubts remain. I would refer the comrades to the issue of the Catholic paper *The Universe* dated 18 April 1980. Under a headline 'Communists back unborn', the story starts: '"We deplore any law which takes away the rights of a child, born or unborn, on account of a handicap," states a charter published by the Communist controlled Action for the Community in Tooting (in South London) ... Local pro-life campaigners were responsible for getting the Communist activists to defend the right of the unborn. LIFE and SPUC members attended their many meetings for this purpose, says Mr Jim Kennedy, Mitcham LIFE group secretary', and so on. Now it is possible that Action for the Community in Tooting has nothing whatsoever to do with the Tooting branch of the Communist Party and if that is the case my unqualified apologies. But if the opposite is true then I shall patiently await a further explanation.

Tariq Ali

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐British Rail chairman Sir Peter Parker, commenting on whether there was anything super-modern about the stations, said: 'Yes, they've got no loos. They are not practical things to have in a modern economical station.' — *Birmingham Evening Mail* (A. P. Crawford)

☐The Queen Mother, beaming in pale blue grey, pulled her veil slightly over her face as the young Danish Queen rather racily lit up a cigarette in the Royal box. — *Daily Telegraph* (John Brown)

S in the following list, dated 31.12.78, stands for Shaikh, and P for Prince; figures are percentage holdings. S.Zaid Bin Sultan Al Nahyan 0.47; S.Khalifa Bin Zaid Al Nahyan 1.28; S.Hamdan Bin Mohammad Al Nahyan 1.28; S.Mubarak Bin Mohammad Al Nahyan 0.71; S.Tahnoon Bin Mohammad Al Nahyan 0.79; S.Faisal Bin Sultan Al Qasmi 0.18; Mohamed Ahmed Khalifa & Bros 0.71; Ali Shorafa 0.46; Stock Holding Company SA 4.89; BCC Holding Company SA 1.49; S.Khalifa Bin Salman Al Khalifa 0.71; Ali Mohammad Bin Aqueel Boamer & Sons 1.0; Abdullah Saeed Badar Al Raiwes & Sons 1.0; W.J. Towell & Co Agencies (Kuwait) WLL 1.30; Kamal Adham 1.76; P.Salman Abdul Aziz Al Saud 0.71; P.Khalid Bin Abdullah Bin Abdul Rahman 0.71; P.Naif Bin Abdul Aziz Al Saud 0.2; S.Ali Abdullah Bugshan 0.71; S.Salem Ahmed Bugshan 0.5; Dr Ghaith Pharaon 10.57; Wabel Pharaon 3.28; Ziad Shaath 0.28; S.Kamil Sindi 0.4; S.Sultan Bin Mohammad Al Qasmi 0.18; Majid Al Futtaim 2.86; Bank America Corporation* 3.86; Bamerical International Financial Corp.* 7.57; Mohammed Y. Bedrawi 0.57; Thesaurus Continental Securities Corp. 11.43; Mohammed M. Hamoud 0.71; Hareb Bin Sultan 2.00; International Credit & Investment Co (Overseas) Ltd 35.40; S.M.Swaleh Naqvi 0.03. (*since withdrawn)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Missing the micro revolution

From Roger Woolnough

There is a point which may be worth adding to the excellent article by Christopher Hird and Patrick Wintour on Inmos (NS June 20). The view is frequently expressed that integrated circuits and other semiconductors should be looked on as commodities. The value is not in the devices themselves (this argument runs), but in what they are used for. And as Britain has shown itself highly capable at systems design, we can play a part in the micro revolution without having to bother with a national source of components. The argument assumes that the latest integrated circuits, made by the Americans or the Japanese, will always be readily available to Britain on the open market. As these foreign manufacturers adopt an aggressive international marketing policy, it seems that a virtually unthinkable split in the Western alliance would be necessary for these sources of supply to dry up.

Yet one need look no farther than Switzerland to see the effects of this reliance on outside suppliers. The Swiss watch industry was almost destroyed by the failure of American semiconductor companies to provide the circuits it needed to produce electronic watches. There was nothing political about this, it was simply market forces at work: the Americans preferred to make something else. Fortunately the Swiss have invested heavily in their own semiconductor facilities, and no longer have to rely on others.

Electronics Weekly, Dorset House, Stamford Street, London SE1

Empty promises?

From Neil Drysdale

The nature of the criticism levelled at Radio Forth in your recent examination of local radio (NS 6 June) suggests that neither of the authors, Jonathan Coe and Peter Edmonds, have bothered to listen to the station in question. In stating that Forth's programme schedules 'provide 13 hours a day of record shows' Coe and Edmonds neglect to mention that Radio Forth is on the air 21 hours daily during which time frequent news bulletins and interviews covering political, social and human issues are broadcast. At no time does the station resort to a 'non-stop music' policy à la Radio One. Therefore, to label Radio Forth as a company of 'empty promises' and 'cheap shows' is a blatant misrepresentation of the facts. Specialist programmes for lovers of Country & Western music, brass, the big band sound and local musical talent, combined with an increasing awareness of the need for development in drama and classical music, mean that your implication that Forth is simply feeding its (considerable) audience an almost unvaried diet of pop and phone-in shows does not stand up to close scrutiny.

58 Dick Gardens, Whitburn, West Lothian

DHSS defended

From Roger Blackwell

I must protest at the sad farrago of error, misrepresentation and invention published under the heading 'Birmingham makes war on Claimants' (NS 2 May 1980). First, the summary of the court hearings of 11 and 14 April was inaccurate. On 11 April, of 29 cases of Social Security Fraud that were heard in Birmingham, only nine (not 21) were women with children. Twelve were single women without children, eight were men. On 14 April only two cases related to offences under the cohabitation rules alone, all the others involved the non-declaration of earnings.

Second, the two 'typical instances' referred to by Judith Cook have been heavily distorted. At a meeting between the Department and the Birmingham Welfare Rights Liaison Group on 17 April, Mr Green (who is *not* the officer in charge of fraud work) contested an allegation by Sue Wainwright that DHSS officials had 'visited every house in the street'. He offered to have the circumstances investigated in any case where a complaint was made and details given. No such complaint or details have been received. As for the other instance, it is our policy to discuss claimants' affairs with their solicitors once the claimants' permission has been received. This, too, was pointed out at the meeting.

Third, it is untrue that 82 special fraud investigators have taken on in Birmingham. As its share of about 1,000 extra staff nationally to deal with all types of Social Security abuse, including fraud, the West Midlands region received 82, who have been deployed throughout five West Midland counties. These 82 (including 16 fraud investigators) should save over £4 million in Social Security benefits this year as the region's contribution to an overall saving of £50 million. Fourth, I did not say that the campaign was to put 'pressure on women' (which, of course, it does not), nor did I make the remark attributed to me about the effects reduced supplementary benefits might have on children, though I went to some pains to explain why there is no increase in supplementary benefits to meet fines imposed by the Courts.

The DHSS is indeed engaged in a national drive against fraud and abuse. This policy, inevitably, has its coherent critics but it is a pity that your journal seems unable to deploy its argument without such amateurish falsehoods. To crown it my name is not Blacklock, as quoted by Judith Cook, but as I sign myself.

DHSS, Five Ways Tower, Frederick Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham

Identity crisis

From Sandra Woods

The NS seems to be having a crisis of identity as regards its views on feminism. Your articles alternate between sympathy with the women's movement and lofty (sometimes vicious) sneering. Richard Willson's cartoon (NS 20 June) was an example of the second attitude. It is nothing new to find a cartoon portraying a feminist woman as a huge ugly monster beside whom her Nazi husband appears powerless and mild. But how ironic that such an image should be in the same issue as Anna Coote's comment that feminist women are tired of 'being angry in the face of ridicule and determined in the face of grim resistance'. It is a pity that the NS as yet lacks the courage to adopt the same views about women as it does about many exploited minorities.

Polytechnic of Central London, Regent Street, London W1

Biter bit

From John Rose, Tony Cliff, Joanna Rollo, Ralph Darlington

Christopher Hitchens (NS 20 June) criticises *Socialist Worker* for allowing an anti-semitic letter to slip into our letter columns under the guise of anti-zionism and then writes 'as the Middle East deteriorates . . . it becomes more than ever necessary to adopt a scrupulous and vigilant policy against the poison of anti-semitism'.

Of course *Socialist Worker* made a mistake by publishing an anti-semitic letter which we have since acknowledged (SW no. 685) and Christopher should have made that clearer than he did. (Incidentally the letter did *not* use the phrase 'international Zionist conspiracy'.) The SWP has a large number of Jewish members and supporters so we are particularly sensitive to anti-semitism, veiled or otherwise.

Socialist newspapers and journals should never, as a matter of principle, knowingly publish anti-semitic or indeed any other kinds of racialist letters. Yet, ironically, the *New Statesman* itself sees fit to positively approve of the publication of such letters from time to time. See for example the virulently anti-semitic letter from Richard Verrall, editor of the National Front magazine *Spearhead* (NS 21 September 1979). Christopher Hitchens himself defended the right of the National Front to free speech in the London Diary (NS 29 September 1978). Presumably then he supports NS editorial policy of publishing Nazi letters. It seems an odd way to us of adopting 'a scrupulous and vigilant policy against the poison of anti-semitism'.

Two years ago the SWP played a major part in launching the Anti Nazi League, the largest anti-fascist movement since the war. This movement remains one of the best ways of attacking anti-semitism and all other forms of racialism and is open to all NS readers.

Socialist Worker, PO Box 82, London E2

Frog feelings

From Frédéric Max

I hope it is not too late to express a Frog's feelings about Mr Arthur Marshall's article 'Told you so' (NS 30 May). I note that Mr Marshall (I hope he will not be offended by the comparison) has something in common with General de Gaulle, who loved France but did not like so much the French. I, like most of us Frogs, like England, since my first holidays there in 1932. I like the countryside, the British Museum, Canterbury, the *New Statesman* (I have been a subscriber for many years), the antiquarian bookstores and many other things British, fair-play for instance, though it seems to have considerably declined since some time. Of course, I won't go so far as praising the cooking — I would be losing all credibility. Finally, I like the British themselves, just as they are; us Frogs want our British friends to be true to their traditional image: Mr Marshall, with his crude touch of jingoism, is perfect. He is only going too far when he demands that the Dordogne should be transferred in the Pas-de-Calais and voided of Frenchmen.

17 Avenue de Bretteville, 92200 Neuilly, s/Seine, France

Puffs of smoke?

From Julian Barnes

I little realised what I was starting some weeks ago when I wrote a seven-line corrective letter to a piece by John Arden. Mr Arden missed my point; I reiterated it; Mr Arden admitted 'it's a fair cop, guv', and I assumed the matter closed. Howard Brenton (NS 20 June) now accuses me of sending up 'a smokescreen of shockingly petty little letters', part of a 'childish, personal' quarrel with Mr Arden, of the sort 'London literati' typically engage in.

I didn't write about the PTA as I didn't have anything useful to say on the matter. Those — like Mr Brenton — who know more about Ireland than I do could have replied to Mr Arden if they had wanted to (they didn't). I wrote on a matter of basic journalistic principal, which I thought was being flouted by Mr Arden in such a way that any sensitive man would approach his article with suspicion. Brenton clearly sees nothing wrong about journalists concealing their interests and would presumably be happy to see left-wing papers adopting standards normally practised only by the city pages of some right-wing papers. In future we can approach Mr Brenton's journalism with this knowledge.

I have no personal quarrel with Mr Arden at all. As for the 'London literati' card, this is always a hard one to play; Mr Brenton trumps himself rather spectacularly, it seems to me, writing as he does from the Royal Court Theatre. He at least, he tells us in a self-congratulatory way, has 'engaged' with Ms D'Arcy, has 'had a go' at her. NS readers might recall that this was less the matter of grand public debate it was made to sound, but the reply of an injured dramatist in the letters column of the NS to a rubbishing review of his play by Ms D'Arcy. Have-a-go Brenton's engagement here consisted of a set of haiku: 'Bad poets like you/Could kill children of the flats/In brand-new H-blocks'; 'D'Arcy can't forgive/Writers for their gentleness/Because she can't write.' If this isn't a 'childish, personal attack' what is?

61 St George's Avenue, London N7

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Jam today

The news that some officious official (a man, natch) has attempted to stop the public sale of the jams and preserves that members of the Women's Institute so conscientiously and lavishly and deliciously supply has sent a shock-wave of horror through the whole of the South West. And horror has been followed by dismay, disgust and, I do not hesitate to use the damaging word, contempt. Our village of Appleton, which might be said to have invented jam-making, is especially upset. My Cousin Madge's damson is famous well beyond the confines of the village and I know for a fact that a jar of it has won favourable comment as far afield as Chudleigh, a good five miles off. Indeed, there are some who say that on occasion her damson trees have given almost too liberally of their bounty, a remark plainly inspired by jealousy though it must here be allowed that a steady diet of damsons, in whatever form, would not suit every palate. Then what of Mrs Mountjoy's raspberry, constructed from fruit plucked from her very own canes and quite a little talking point for some years now? This, too, is eagerly snapped up as soon as available and ranks high. There are many others I could mention, all of whom do quite well (even Miss Entwhistle manages a rather limp kind of dried fig and rhubarb jam whose thin, pulpy consistency is by no means to everybody's taste). The Bultitudes do not actually make jam, and how could they be expected to with their very full social programme to fulfill, but they certainly eat jam and many is the time I have heard Giles shout 'Crash along the strawbug, old thing', which is his way of requesting his wife, Bunty, to hand him the strawberry preserve.

A Women's Institute is one of the very few organisations in the country at which no single word of criticism could possibly be directed (the BBC own another, and it is called Woman's Hour). I have given Talks, which tend to be informal chats (about broadcasting and the theatre and dear Dame Sybil, and so on) to a large number of Women's Institutes up and down the country and my admiration and respect for them are total. They are dedicated entirely to doing good in one way or another. I find it repellent that somebody should try to interfere with their activities in this way. I gather that his attempt to thwart their jam-selling operation has proved unsuccessful and that he has been sat on, but I am all for people getting punished for cheek. Alas, Women's Institutes are far too kind and nice to attack him with their handbags and stone him with jumbo jars of crabapple jelly, but it is what he deserves. The punishment, as we know, should fit the crime and nobody should escape. It is my view that a suitable punishment for that unkind old toad, God, would be to drown, very slowly and unpleasantly, in the tears of the world (no pamphlets, please, for I am far too old to be converted at this late date, and what, may I ask, is the good of having Supreme Power if you don't do some Supreme Good with it?).

The delightful subject of jam, today, tomorrow, yesterday and all the time, reminds me of the unusual hobby of a peer of the realm, now sadly dead. Eccentric in many ways, his love life reached an odd, but not in any way distressing, peak of bizarrerie. He found that he could only become emotionally excited, not to speak of being physically stirred into action, if jam was present. To add to the difficulties, it had to be a special kind of strawberry jam bearing a proprietary name famous throughout the land. With a jar of this to hand and a spoon, he would peel off all his clothes and request the girl of his choice to stand well back and throw spoonfuls of strawberry jam at him, now here, now there and wherever it looked helpful.

Now it has never been my purpose in this chaste and demure column either to shock or to provide you with false information. You can be fully confident that every titbit of alleged fact is sifted, tested for falsities and properly evaluated before I pass it on to you (I do not grudge the time spent) and therefore, a shade doubtful about this jam throwing, I thought it only right to study the technique and so I betook myself to a remote part of the 'Myrtlebank' garden, for a neighbour chancing to call unexpectedly might think that I had gone off my nut. Once safely hidden, I tried to throw spoonfuls of jam. It is not easy and must come under the heading of 'a knack'. I used an ordinary silver dessert spoon and a quite pleasing type of average-consistency gooseberry and it was at first quite a little problem to get the jam to leave the spoon. It clings, reluctant to depart. However, after a dozen or so tries, and a fresh pot, I began to get the hang of it. To achieve distance, you must use bags of wrist, a good steady swing and a firm follow-through, rather like that shot from the rough with a number 6 or 7 iron to the green. On no account attempt the overarm throw. The jam slides off and falls down inside the sleeve of your jacket. *Experto crede*!

And so their happy love life continued until the sad day when the lady, wishful to give even more excitement and delight to him who was indeed her lord and master, decided to make, as an additional treat, her very own strawberry jam. Retiring to a distant point of their large house, and swearing the servants to secrecy, she hulled her berries (7 lb of them), swiftly washed and cleaned them, popped them into a preserving pan with the juice of two lemons, heated and stirred them, added sugar (6 lb), and checked the pectin level of the ensemble (and if you do not know what is what in the way of pectin, attempt no jam). She then removed the scum, as anybody would, allowed the jam to cool a little and then filled jar upon jar. We do not know now the full details of what followed but one can easily imagine the proud moment when, digging deep into a jar and with her husband in the ready position, she hurled the very first spoonful of her own making. And how distressing it is to picture too the consternation of both of them at the nil result. Her husband, standing dejectedly there, had instantly sensed the wrong type of preserve. 'But Millicent, what jam is this?' Mantling a bit and regretting her rash act, she stammers out 'Why, Ambrose, it is a jam of my own.' A deep sigh. 'Fond and foolish woman, you should know by now that nothing works with me but Tiptree. Hasten to the store-cupboard, dear one, and hurry back with a Tiptree. Do not fret. We can eat your own strawberry on another, and rather different, occasion.'

If I seem to harp a trifle on strawberry jam, it is because it is to me the King of Jams, with marrow jam (such a puzzle to find) a very close second. There are, however, others. How true it is that every day of one's life, and even with persons possessing a mind as richly stocked with this and that fascinating fact as my own, one learns something new and interesting to add to the treasure-house. I have only recently discovered why loganberries are called loganberries and how easily they might have been called something quite else (Smellieberries perhaps), and my mind flies back to that thrilling August day in 1881 when Judge J. H. Logan (not Professor Smellie), resident at Santa Cruz, California (which lies, and I give the information for the benefit of failed O-level Geography students, in the USA) suddenly espied in his garden a bright red and elongated berry that appeared to be edible. One likes to think of him calling excitedly to Mrs Logan ('Hi, hon, can you spare a moment?') and together they gaze at the first known natural cross between the American dewberry and a variety of red raspberry, a cross that was to bring him, as its discoverer, lasting fame. It takes, as we know, about twenty years for American inventions (chewing-gum, doughnuts and the Annenbergs) to cross the Atlantic and from about 1900 on in Britain we have been enjoying this delicious fruit. As a dessert, loganberries do not compare (and what could?) with raspberries, but they make a fine jam. Equal quantities of fruit and sugar, and then go right ahead, as for strawbug jam. Next Week: How To Get The Best Out Of Your Courgettes.

Roger Woddis

Persons represented

Conservative MPs Teddy Taylor and Eldon Griffiths have attacked the use of an Arts Council grant in staging A Short Sharp Shock, *which lampoons the Government.*

The purpose of a public grant
To companies producing plays
Is not to shock a maiden aunt
Or have her bursting from her stays,
But to provide the kind of shows
For people sitting in the stalls
That help them to a sweet repose
And do not boast of having balls.

No one objects to poking fun,
The sceptred race can take a joke;
It all depends on how it's done,
But more, at what and whom you poke.
Theatre can be gay or grave,
The ancient mask is double-faced;
The dissident abroad is brave,
At home he shows the worst of taste.

A Dane of former times has shown
How drama can so score a hit
That guilty creatures have been known
To scream and jump about a bit.
The Leader has replaced the King,
But Claudius still fears the Prince;
As once before, the play's the thing,
And nothing much has altered since.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

John Willett

A Man Between Covers

For those who argue whether television helps or hinders the reading of books the new spurt of Traveniana may well become a test case. Eighteen months ago the BBC showed a programme called *B. Traven — A Mystery Solved* in which Robert Robinson and the director Will Wyatt set out to identify this elusive author who had lived in Mexico and been one of the more intriguing legends of the German Left before Hitler. Up till 1947, when John Huston filmed his novel *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre,* Traven was little known in the English-speaking countries, where not many reputable critics or academics were prepared to take note of his tough, subversive and deeply humane stories. With the film however a new wave of speculation and inquiry began, originating largely in the United States. Two fresh publishers, Robert Hale in London and Hill and Wang in New York, started publishing the books in the 1950s and 60s respectively. And today we have the results of the BBC's researches, along with a reissue by Cape of three of the novels from before 1947 and a first English publication of two of the Hill and Wang batch.

Now, is the BBC's solution of the 'mystery', fascinating as it must be to Traven-fanciers, going to put people on to or off these remarkable works? That is the question, and if the telly really does prove to have won Traven new readers we purists will gladly forgive Will Wyatt much that seems at once trivial and heavy-footed about his approach. For a lot of *The Man Who Was B. Traven* is very very thin, partly because of the author's almost complete lack of background, partly because of his willingness to take the reader down every false trail he and Robinson came across, partly too because of the amount of entirely dispensable detail: what he thought of San Francisco, what he had to drink, what Robinson himself looks like — 'a man of medium height, bald with long strands of sandy hair' — and that kind of *Radio Times* chitchat. Everything essential in the book could (in my view) have been got into less than a quarter of the space, if not into a single long article of about 10,000 words. The rest is padding, red herrings and loose ends.

But that essential core is very interesting indeed. For in following up evidence from helpful American Travenomanes about the writer's detention in London in 1923 Wyatt and his researchers were able convincingly to establish an identity for him which had been unknown outside his own closest circle and perhaps even within it. Traven was Otto Feige, born about a hundred miles east of Berlin on 23 February 1882 at Schwiebus (now the Polish town of Swiebodzin) as an illegitimate working-class child. After the family had moved to near Hanover he ran away to become the actor Ret Maruth, who drifted into writing during the first world war, edited a small anarchist paper called *Der Ziegelbrenner* and took an active part in the press and propaganda affairs of the 1919 Munich Soviet. He left Germany illegally and was arrested under that name in London, having apparently tried to cross to Canada and been refused entry; then some time in the spring of 1924 he sailed to Mexico, where he became B. Traven for the crucial period during which *The Cotton-Pickers, The Bridge in the Jungle* and *The Death Ship* were written (or completed). Thereafter he was Berick Traven Torsvan — the name on his Mexican papers — and finally Hal Croves. He died as Croves in 1969.

For Wyatt the quest for Traven was primarily a personality-hunt. ' "B. Traven" was the author's name. "B. Traven" was the name on the title page. But where was the human being?', as the introduction to his programme put it. In the 'psychological' terms beloved of telly-people the book hardly answers this rather vapid question: far too much still remains to be discovered and understood. But by firmly establishing the original Traven — the apprentice locksmith and would-be theologian Otto Feige — it also establishes the previously speculative links between the Maruth or Mauruth who disappeared from Germany around 1922 and the unknown novelist who made such an impact there in 1925-26. With this 'Traven' becomes an intelligible part of the world that produced Toller and Brecht and George Grosz: first an actor in Louise Dumont's company at Düsseldorf, later a correspondent of Karl Kraus and his publisher Lanyi in Vienna, then an acquaintance of such Munich figures as Niekisch, Mühsam and O. M. Graf, and, after the débâcle of 1919, a friend of the Cologne 'Group of Progressive Artists' which included Seiwert and Räderscheidt (misleadingly given in the book as one of Traven's pseudonyms).

Traven's identity adventures before and during the First World War are surely traceable to the anti-militarism so evident in his stories. The original Feige, so his brother and sister told Wyatt, became a socialist after his military service. Maruth claimed English nationality in his police papers and said he was born in San Francisco, where the 1906 earthquake had destroyed all records. He then switched from English to American. Two approaches to US consulates for passports during the war failed, yet he never seems to have been called up like his contemporaries, and on being sacked by Louise Dumont was able to move to Munich as a freelance antiwar publicist, unaffected apparently by the entry of the US into the war. All this makes an intelligible background to the writing of the first part of *The Death Ship,* with its ridiculing of the whole bureaucratic world of consulates, frontiers, nationality and identity documents. At the same time it shows Traven as a distinctively German writer, of a similar stamp to the eccentric communist-Dadaist Franz Jung. Indeed, *The Death Ship* and the new left wing book club set up by the German trade unions in August 1924 were made for one another. For this Büchergilde Gutenberg, as it was (and still is) called, signed him up after the first three instalments of *The Cotton-Pickers* had appeared in the Socialist Party daily the following summer; in 1926 *The Death Ship* appeared in an edition of 30,000; and from then on the fortunes of author and club were interlinked, making him the novelist *par excellence* of the mid-European left.

'I knew that I had my new film', says Wyatt of his introduction to the Traven problem via the pages of *Time.* But 'before I went ahead I wanted to read one of Traven's books.' Contrast this conception of the relative priorities with that expressed by Traven himself in a letter of 1929 to Ernst Preczang of the Büchergilde:

> I would like to state very clearly: the biography of a creative person is absolutely unimportant. If that person is not recognisable in his works, then either he is worth nothing or his works are worth

The Man Who Was B. Traven by WILL WYATT *Cape* £8.50
The Treasures of B. Traven by B. TRAVEN *Cape* £7.50
Government by B. TRAVEN *Allison & Busby* £6.50
The White Rose by B. TRAVEN *Allison & Busby* £6.50

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nothing. The creative person should therefore have no other biography than his works.

You don't in fact have to read very deeply in Traven's books to see the strength of his case; like Brecht, who adopted a very similar attitude around that time, he emerges from his writings as a much more distinctive personality than is ever conveyed by the *The Man Who Was B. Traven* approach, with its sneers at Traven's 'showing-off' — a marvellously British term — and the 'unimpressive figure' which he cut before the Hollywood crew who filmed *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre.* (Apparently he refused to have his balls painted in genial horseplay, and failed to hold on to a large fish that John Huston had caught.)

Even with the BBC's resources the books were 'not easy to find' in England in 1977 (Wyatt had no German). Last year however Allison and Busby brought out *The Cotton-Pickers* and a collection of short stories, to which they are now adding *Government* (1931) and *The White Rose* (1929), all in the American-edited versions. Better still, Cape are accompanying Wyatt's biography with a glitteringly-titled omnibus volume of three of his finest novels — *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, The Death Ship* and *The Bridge in the Jungle* — at a pound less than the biography and a pound more than one of Allison and Busby's pair. This volume gives the reader Traven at full strength and conveys something of his range and basic philosophy: that the values that matter are not those of debunking or Hemingway-style toughness but the family-based generosity of the poor Mexican Indian and his equivalents in other lands; that the sardonic Westerner has in the end to give up the hunt for a fortune and adjust himself to humbler standards, first outwitting employers, policemen, identity-conscious officialdom and other natural enemies of free man. It is an anarchic, low-level morality, rooted in peasant rather than proletarianised societies and in a naive awareness of the multicoloured brotherhood of the human race. It happens to be a farsighted one, and in book after book it is strongly, movingly and often very illuminatingly expressed.

They are unique novels, they create addicts, and I myself am eternally grateful to Arthur Calder-Marshall, who back in 1940 wrote about Traven in the seventh issue of *Horizon* so vividly as to shanghai his readers headlong into *The Death Ship* — after which there is no looking back. Calder-Marshall's thesis at that time was that *The Death Ship* and *The Bridge in the Jungle* had originally been written in English, and that the versions just published by Cape (and previously by Knopf in New York) were at last the authentic thing, unlike *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* which has now been added to make the new omnibus and which is an earlier translation from the German. However, it now seems that the German texts were in every case the original ones, and that both the 1940 books had been translated in Mexico into an impossibly Germanic English, which Knopf's editor Bernard Smith entirely rewrote. There is still no mention of any kind of translation in the new edition, nor is that of the third book ascribed as it should be to Basil Creighton. For unexplained reasons Traven's poetic opening statement about 'The glittering treasure which you seek' has been left out of it, as has the dedication of *The Bridge in the Jungle* to all the mothers of the world.

If this seems a shade high-handed on the publisher's part, what about the two Allison and Busby books? *Government* again is printed in an anonymous translation, but in fact it is quite recognisably that made by Creighton for Chatto to publish in 1935, one year after *The Treasure,* though somebody has edited his English into a gutlessness quite unworthy of so skilled and stylish a writer. Paragraphing has been re-jigged and rhythms upset; there are cuts and insertions; small pedantic changes have been made for no reason (thus 'It was cheaper and safer' now becomes 'It was both cheaper and safer'); tenses have been arbitrarily altered (putting the entire account of the town of Cuhancu, for instance, into the past). And wherever Traven's term 'proletarian' occurred in Creighton's version it has been changed to something else: 'industrial workers', 'labor', even 'people' — a form of self-censorship which the publishers would doubtless have been ashamed to apply to such a currently OK word as, for instance, 'fuck'.

Still, this is at least the rump of a good translation, and the new plastic-bound *Government* retains much of its blazing anti-authoritarian force. *The White Rose* however is in any case a less powerful novel, whose American businessmen were from the outset schematised and unconvincing characters, and here it has been newly and none too well translated from a revised German text provided by Traven's widow. Compared with the German original of 1931 the new edition contains the best part of two extra chapters which only complicate the financial plot; and once again chapters and paragraph divisions have been juggled, sentences have been strung together and Traven's clipped rhythms smoothed out. Here too there are some substantial cuts, excused in the translator's introductory note on the ground of 'implausibilities in [the author's] description of American life', though these hardly seem to have been touched. This time some of the references to the proletariat have been left in, though a mention of 'angry accusations by the Communists' has been removed, as has any hint of antisemitic views on the author's part.

Compare, for instance, the consequences attributed to the machinations of the American oil companies: where the German text has:

> forced sale of the Chicago Tribune, a stream of antisemitic articles in the papers, a stream of prosemitic articles in the papers, change of Economics and International Law professors at Columbia, Chicago and California universities . . . ban on prostitution for two dollars or less, encouragement of prostitution for an automobile, as a boost to the American motor industry

the new version has:

> forced sale of the Chicago *Tribune*; a glut of anti-Semitic articles in the newspapers, the exchange of professors between Columbia, Chicago, and California universities . . . the banning of two-dollar prostitutes; the encouragement of mobile prostitution to revive [the] auto industry

— a mixture of tactful amendment and plain misunderstanding which hardly improves the book.

So part of the Traven problem today is the cavalier treatment being given to what he actually wrote. And this in turn is partly due to his lack of a single English or American publisher prepared to treat him as 'their' author and produce a worthy collected edition. Copyright confusions have certainly con-

THIS WEEK

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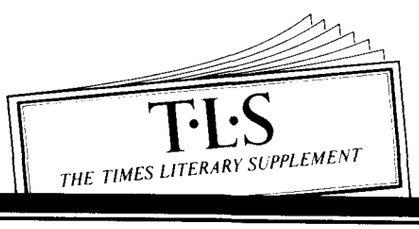

Every Friday 35p

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tributed to the present muddle. No doubt Traven himself could have avoided this by going to a recognised professional agent in one country or the other; it is a pity that he did not. At the same time it may be his own fault in a much wider sense. For however right Traven may have been in treating an author's personality as secondary to that of his works it is only a most rare publisher — like the Büchergilde Gutenberg — that will collaborate properly with a non-person. The remoter the writer, the less attention paid to his views about the editing, translation and general presentation of his books. He doesn't of course have to be part of a literary clique, nor need he belong to any other kind of old-boy network or mix with the right people, whoever they are. But unless he is regarded as a tangible person by his translators and publishers they are unlikely to treat his words as conscientiously as those of an author they know.

Yes, 'the human being' sought by Wyatt and Robinson in Mexico and elsewhere for the televiewers still remains buried between the covers of his books. Here he can be found just as Traven said: without glitter, part of the real treasure that is 'on the other side'. Not that this is the Sierra Madre story over again, neat as the moral would then be. For *The Man Who Was B. Traven* does provide the essential key that will in due course allow the historical Otto Feige to be filled out in more than one dimension and aligned with the author of the works — though only when a good deal more research has been done. Even now it does something to help our understanding as well as merely feeding our goggle-box curiosity, and every Travenomane will have to read it. The test will lie in Messrs Cape's sales figures. If more people buy the three-novel omnibus than the Wyatt biography, then the latter will have been a success.

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Peter Conrad

Like the Ark

'The Portage to San Cristobal of A.H.' by GEORGE STEINER *Granta,* No.2, £1.50, Box 666, Kings College, Cambridge

In his criticism George Steiner relies on his conscience; to his fiction he entrusts his fantasy. *The Portage to San Cristobal of A.H.* (published first in *The Kenyon Review* and now, abbreviated, in *Granta*) which describes the capture of Hitler in a South American jungle and his return to judgment or (perhaps) triumphant vindication, looks at first what in Hollywood they'd call a 'novelisation' of *Language and Silence.* Steiner's abiding preoccupation is the alliance between European high culture and Nazi barbarism. In surveying the cultural history of the West, Steiner is elated by art and eloquence but appalled by their readiness to lend themselves to perversity, and dismayed by their moral inefficacy. The essays remorselessly prosecute art and language for their crimes against humanity. But in *The Portage* Steiner exposes his other, ambivalent face. The moral licence of fiction allows him to explore his own imaginative infatuation with the historical dementia he elsewhere reviles.

The power of the novella lies in its subversive admiration for the impounded Hitler. Vengeance in the course of the action twists into something like celebration, even a bizarre divinisation. By his captors he's treated with an awed reverence. His hunters volunteer as his ceremonial porters in a religiose procession through the swamps, carrying him aloft 'like the ark' and tending him 'more dearly than if he were the last child of Jacob'. They're as superstitious about naming him as they would be about invoking a god: their quarry is glanced at in nervous pronominal asides as 'He' or (with an italicised frisson) *'him'.*

Steiner shares their obliquity, using cryptic initials for his title and only naming his man (deferentially, as 'Herr Hitler') at the end of his third chapter. When he's extricated from the jungle the television cameras are standing by to accord him the modern world's equivalent of divinity, which is glossy electronic celebrity. Thus emboldened, Hitler delivers in the final chapter an insouciant self-defence, claiming that the Reich begat Israel (a French diplomat has already complimented him on inadvertently inventing the EEC). He's both Milton's Satan, whose evil is benign because it serves to bring forth good, and, with insaner presumption, 'the true Messiah, the new Sabbatai whose infamous deeds were allowed by God in order to bring His people home'.

Steiner's Hitler is not only the legatee of this sacrilegious hyperbole. Other, more devious affinities of election make him something like a self-image of his creator. Hitler is throughout analysed as a linguistic phenomenon, a freak of megaphonic loquacity. One of his accusers describes how women 'would tear their clothes off, just to hear your voice'. I once attended a lecture by Steiner. The fierce intensity of the man's utterance and his hyper-articulate fervour roused the audience (my suggestible self included) to its feet at the end in a thunder of applause. Hitler in the novella obeys the Steinerian etiquette which insists that 'silence is not the contrary of the Word but its guardian', for until his final oratorical spasm Hitler immures himself defensively, like one of Steiner's symbolically catatonic modern artists in *Language and Silence,* in taciturnity, responding to the rhetorical assault of the first chapter with a grudging croak of disbelief — 'Ich?' Steiner's sensitivity to the paranoiac streak in human beings is unique. When a machine breaks down his people assume that it has turned against them, and one of his characters denounces the 'betrayal of rubber and metal' in an untrustworthy radio. What apter emblem for Steiner's sense of himself as a marked man than the fragile, stigmatised rhetorician holed up in the jungle, internationally reviled because of his enviable eloquence and his inspired theatricality?

A snotty Oxford historian in the story derides Hitler for being an 'impresario, drama of history and all that. Supreme judge of an audience'. In Steiner too the persona of tragic prophet is liable to lapse into an exhibitionistic hucksterism. Like his hero, he's a virtuoso mis-user of language. The action of the novella is dispersed across half-a-dozen countries, mainly to provide Steiner with occasions for the deployment of his polyglot expertise in French, German, Spanish, Yiddish, Bantu, Toltec and the idiom of Easter Island. *The Portage to San Cristobal* acts out the dichotomy in Steiner: it hesitates between moral revulsion and imaginative capitulation, and between symbolic parable and sensational bestseller. Its putative model is *Heart of Darkness;* actually *The Portage* is an intellectualised version of *The Boys from Brazil.* It anxiously skirts vulgarity, and hopes to avoid the imputation by being the first to mock itself: one of the party, who flourishes his carbine in the air in homage to an American film poster, is told that he's 'seen too many movies'. At times, though, the story degenerates into a shooting script: Hitler could not have succeeded

> without those who said in Belgravia and Marly, in Stresa and Shaker Heights that news was exaggerated ... Not without D. initially a memo to B-W. at Printing House Square ... Or Foggy Bottom offering seventy-five visas above the quota when one hundred thousand children could have been saved.

The novella is a compound of flagrant contradictions, the most disturbing of them being its revelation that on what Steiner calls the 'night-side' of his imagination he's a member of the devil's party.

Ron Butlin

Before Leaving

Do you remember who made love an
an hour ago?
They lived for too short a time — and so

before leaving I will pull you close:
your lips will press on mine
reprieving a lifetime — even
for the length of a kiss.

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Theory & Experience (3)

ALEX CALLINICOS contributes to the debate about Perry Anderson's recently published 'Arguments within English Marxism' *(New Left Books* £10 *& Verso* £3.95)

THE *NEW LEFT REVIEW*, the most widely read and influential marxist journal in the English language, is 20 this year. The appearance of a new book by its editor, Perry Anderson, which casts a retrospective glance over NLR's history presents, therefore, an excellent opportunity to consider both his own contribution and that of the *Review*. As its title suggests, *Arguments within English Marxism* addresses itself to a debate, the titanic struggle between Anderson and Edward Thompson. The row seems to have originated in the (still somewhat obscure) circumstances in which Anderson and his collaborators took over NLR in 1962, supplanting Thompson and the rest of the 'Old New Left', mainly former Communists who had resigned from the CP after the invasion of Hungary.

However, it has raised issues of substance — those of historical interpretation, scientific method and political strategy — which go to the heart of British socialism. This, certainly, is Thompson's belief, stated forcefully and at length in *The Poverty of Theory* (1978). It is a belief apparently shared by Anderson, since *Arguments* is essentially a response to that essay.

Both Thompson and Anderson are historians and it is appropriate, then, that their debate began over differing interpretations of English history. In a brilliant panoramic essay, 'Origins of the Present Crisis' (1964), Anderson argued that the 17th-century English revolution and its aftermath did not succeed in its task of creating an authentic bourgeois polity. The result, Anderson and his co-thinker Tom Nairn claimed, was a state and society antiquated even by bourgeois standards, dominated by a decadent, quasi-feudal aristocracy, incorporating a 'subaltern' working class incapable of pursuing its own political objectives. 'The unfinished work of 1640 and 1832 must be taken up where it was left off', Anderson concluded, implying that on the agenda were modernisation and democratic reform rather than socialist revolution. The analysis, a *marxisant* version of the 'Stagnant Britain' literature then so fashionable, was completely demolished by Edward Thompson in a marvellous essay, 'The Peculiarities of the English' (1965). Anderson's rather shrill reply was more effective in uncovering his opponent's weaknesses than in defending his own theories, and he recently acknowledged that 'Thompson's criticisms probably won general assent on the British left'. Yet *Arguments* contains no discussion of the substance (although much of the incidental circumstances) of this debate.

A similar tendency, to hop from one point to another without critical reflection on the journey travelled, has been displayed by Anderson when discussing the main issue in both *The Poverty of Theory* and *Arguments*, namely the marxist method. Thompson's essay is a diatribe against what he considers to be the malign influence of Louis Althusser and his followers, spread in this country by *New Left Review* and its publishing house, New Left Books. And indeed one corollary of Anderson's original interpretation of English history was the claim, developed at length in 'Components of the National Culture' (1968), that Britain had failed to produce 'either a marxism or a classical sociology of the serious kind'.

To remedy the defect Anderson resorted to the wholesale importation of 'western marxism', the writings of a variety of continental theorists — not only Althusser, but also Sartre, Adorno, Colletti, Benjamin, Della Volpe, Goldmann and a host of others. The enterprise could not fail to infuriate Thompson; he rightly sought to stress the distinctive theoretical contribution made to marxism by a native British tradition, embracing William Morris, Christopher Caudwell and the group of the Communist (and now ex-Communist) historians who emerged after the second world war and of whom Thompson himself is perhaps the most notable representative.

Yet in *Considerations on Western Marxism* (1976) Anderson contrasted the modern continental tradition unfavourably with the classical marxism of Marx and Engels, Kautsky and Plekhanov, Lenin and Luxemburg, Trotsky and Bukharin. 'Western marxism' was excoriated for its 'structural divorce . . . from political practice' and its retreat from the classical pre-occupations with economic theory and political strategy into philosophy, and idealist philosophy at that, 'a prolonged and intricate Discourse on Method'. The essay contained no self-criticism, despite NLR's role in popularising 'western marxism' in Britain, and relied for its argument mainly on the apparently damning comparison between the ancients and moderns of socialist thought.

From this viewpoint, *Arguments* represents a real advance — an impressive attempt to strike a balance between the different marxist traditions, classical, western and British. Anderson rightly shares Thompson's hostility

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to the althusserian notion of science as a self-contained 'theoretical practice' immune to empirical falsification; however, he goes on to stress a point which sometimes gets lost amid Thompson's diatribes, namely the essentially conceptual character of all knowledge. His discussion of those aspects — and limitations — of William Morris's thought ignored by Thompson in his biography is sensitive, interesting and important. And he accurately locates the sources of Thomspon's political universe in the experience of popular resistance to fascism during the second world war.

ONE OF THE MOST impressive bits of the book is Anderson's demonstration of the way in which Thompson tends 'to detach class from its objective anchorage in determinate relations of production, and identify it with subjective consciousness or culture'. *The Making of the English Working Class*, he shows, largely ignores the objective determinants of class formation, above all the rhythm of capital accumulation between 1790 and 1832, reducing the formative years of the British proletariat to 'a simple dialectic btween suffering and resistance'. This tendency to dissolve the economic base into the ideologico-political superstructure is a common feature of the revival of marxist theory in the last couple of decades. In reaction to the vulgar marxism of Kautsky and Stalin, which reduced history to a succession of modes of production evolving in response to the development of the productive forces and therefore quite independent of human will and action, there has developed a radical idealism in which it is consciousness that determines social being, culture and politics absorbing economic life until the latter has no specific existence or efficacy.

Anderson himself toyed with such an approach in his two major historical essays. *Passages from Antiquity to Feudalism* and *Lineages of the Absolutist State* (both published in 1974).

In *Arguments*, however, he insists that marxism is inseparable from the thesis that it is the mode of production — the forces and relations of production — which determines the character of social life, citing in support what he calls G.A. Cohen's 'fundamental work', *Karl Marx's Theory of History* (1978). Now Cohen's book is, in fact, a lucid, interesting, but sterile defence of the proposition that it is upon the development of the productive forces, ie (crudely) technological progress, that social change depends. This claim seems to me untenable for reasons which I can only briefly indicate here.

Marx's originality lies in his elaboration of the concept of *relations of production*, 'the specific economic form, in which unpaid surplus-labour is pumped out of the direct producers'. The nature of the labour-process, the physical process of transforming nature and thereby producing use-values, cannot be understood in isolation from these relations, and Cohen's attempt to prove the opposite is incoherent. The degree of technological progress reached acts as a constraint upon, or stimulus to, social change, but is not its moving principle. It is the nature of the relations of production, Marx writes, 'which reveals the innermost secret of the social structure'; this assertion forms the core of historical materialism. A reaction to his earlier idealism seems to have led Anderson dangerously close to the vulgar materialism of Kautsky and Stalin, a collapse signalled by his recent enthusiasm for Sebastiano Timpanaro's rather crude and trivial *On Materialism*. Incidentally, his changed views must mean that he no longer accepts the account of the origins of capitalism in *Lineages of the Absolutist State*.

I know of only one case where Anderson has explicitly re-examined his earlier views. In 'Problems of Socialist Strategy' (1965), inspired by a particular reading of Gramsci, he advocated what he now describes as 'left social democracy': 'there can be no serious talk of "smashing" the power-structure in the west in the same sense that Lenin spoke of "smashing" the state in the east'. His arguments anticipated those of the eurocommunists — the peculiar structure of advanced capitalist societies, and in particular the diffusion of power it involves, render armed insurrection dangerous and unnecessary, and a peaceful passage to socialism possible and desirable. All the more striking, then, was 'The Antinomies of Antonio Gramsci' (1977), a forceful and carefully argued and researched refutation of the eurocommunist strategy. Its conclusion, re-asserted in *Arguments*, is that the 'coercive state machine is the ultimate barrier to a workers' revolution, and can only be broken by pre-emptive counter-coercion' by the armed proletariat organised in institutions of popular power.

Even here, where I fully share Anderson's rejection of eurocommunism, I cannot free myself of serious reservations. For it seems that the 'proletarian democracy . . . tangibly superior to bourgeois democracy' which he advocates is essential only to revolution in the *west*. Capitalism has been abolished, according to Anderson, in 'a third of the planet' by regimes based upon 'a negation of socialist democracy'. The polarity between backward, despotic east and advanced, democratic west has run through all his political and historical writings since the early 1960s. In this case the contrast rests on the assumption that the USSR, China, Cuba, Vietnam and eastern Europe are, if not socialist, advancing, however hesitantly, along the road to socialism. Not only is this belief false, if one accepts the identification of socialism with the direct exercise of power by the industrial working class made so emphatically within the classical marxist tradition, but it leads to politically disastrous conclusions. For it implies that the USSR is a superior form of social organisation to western capitalism which, in case of conflict with the latter, must be defended. The line between offering 'critical support' to the Soviet Union and making apologias for its rulers' crimes is narrow and difficult to tread. *NLR* has stumbled at least once recently, when it praised Brezhnev and Castro's 'sustenance of the Ethiopian Republic', aid that has been used chiefly against the Eritrean independence movement.

EVEN MORE DANGEROUS is the belief that socialism can be accomplished by some force other than the working class. As long ago as 1966 Anderson denied that 'socialism necessarily requires a victorious industrial proletariat to impose it'. Yet at the centre of classical marxism is the assertion that socialism is the *self*-emancipation of the working class. His distance from this theme is reflected in all Anderson's political vagaries, from his early enthusiasm for Harold Wilson ('the Labour Party has at last, after 50 years of failing, produced a dynamic and capable leader', he wrote in 1964), via advocacy of guerilla warfare in the Third World and student 'red bases' at home in the late 1960s, to a partial rapprochement with the orthodox trotskyism of the Fourth International more recently. It may help to explain why, through all these shifts, NLR has continued to treat marxist theoretical work as essentially speculative, conducted in isolation from political activity.

It has been left to Edward Thompson, a refugee from an older, more activist tradition, to draw our attention to the recent emergence in Britain of a socialist intelligentsia divorced from political practice, 'those barrels of enclosed marxisms which stand, row upon row, in the corridors of polytechnics and universities'. Anderson does not discuss this development in *Arguments*. Indeed, NLR, by treating marxism as an essentially academic discipline, has greatly encouraged this retreat from activity into 'Theory'. Anderson seems happy to await the emergence of a 'mass socialist movement' to end the separation of theory and practice. However, at the conclusion of his essay on Gramsci he tells us that 'the imperative need remains to win the working class' to revolutionary socialism. He is right, of course; our task is, as he says, 'the conquest — not of the institutions of the state, but of the convictions of workers, although in the end there can be no separation of the two'.

But Anderson gives no serious consideration to the means of carrying out this task. The classical marxists believed it could only be accomplished through a *party* — a party that was not a monolith substituting itself for the working class but, as Gramsci put it, 'the result of a dialectical process, in which the spontaneous movement of the revolutionary masses and the organising and directing will of the centre converge'. Anderson is silent on this most vital question. We are left with a truncated marxism, lacking not the formal commitment to socialist revolution but an active involvement in workers' everyday struggles.

MY LIFE

Sir Oswald Mosley

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John Arden

That Swine Lillywhite

Fairies in Legend and the Arts by ALISON PACKER, STELLA BEDDOE, LIANNE JARRETT *Cameron & Tayleur/David & Charles* £8.95
Introducing David Jones: A Selection edited by John Matthias *Faber* £6.50
Dai Greatcoat: Letters of David Jones edited by Rene Hague *Faber* £12.50

In an 8th-century Irish tale (not quoted in this book about Fairies: where indeed for my taste there is not nearly enough from our ancient literature on the subject), Conle the Red-Haired is accosted by 'a woman in a strange dress' — and that is all we are told of her. She declares herself abruptly in love with him, with his 'bejewelled neck and eyes like a candle flame', and summons him irresistibly to the Plain of Delights.

> 'Though it is fair, we shall reach it before night. That is a land which rejoices the heart of everyone who explores it; there is no other sort there but women and girls.' Then Conle sprang away from them into [her] crystal boat. They saw them going away from them; scarcely could their eyes follow how they rowed away over the sea. They were not seen from then till now . . .

The majesty and indeed terror of such a tale is very far (and not just a matter of centuries) from the main content of this book, with its gauzy Victorian soft-porn — the dustcover, for instance, enlarged, would do very well over the bar of a Dodge City saloon — and its nice little nursery-tea whimsy. There are a few examples of startling modern insight into the reality of the surreal: Granville-Barker's 1914 production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* would seem to have solved the problem of putting flesh-and-blood actors into roles by definition flesh-less, Rossetti's drawings were truly unearthly, the parricidal lunatic Richard Dadd could see farther through a millstone than most, and so on — but by and large what the authors chronicle is not so much the triumph of rationalism as the collapse of a communal imagination, and it is a most depressing story.

For of course Fairy beliefs do not betoken irrational fantasy. Or did not. They were an attempt, outside modern scientific research-techniques, and outside orthodox religion, to come to terms with the unknown (but not altogether unknowable) aspects of nature, in particular the questions of life after death, the nature of dreams, and those aspects of social culture that had passed beyond human memory. In recent generations they became perverted into an escapist fiction, and ceased to be important to most of the artists who dealt in them. Except sub-consciously: hence the naked ladies with butterfly wings and crypto-sadistic life-styles (see the extraordinary picture on page 124) and the horrid goblins of Christina Rossetti. In general, this book is worth having as a record of decadence: the illustrations are extensive (though small and often rather blurry): and the text is workmanlike without being inspiring.

David Jones, poet and painter, took Fairies very seriously indeed — though, unlike Yeats, he sensibly avoided calling them that. In his work they are part and parcel of the most appalling elements in modern life, chiefly the first world war and the wars that had preceded it, and the men who were sent to fight them all. As an (almost) honorary Welshman in a London-raised Welsh battalion, he was able to understand Welshness in its true sense of Britishness — i.e. the culture that had once occupied the whole island, and which, even where later peoples had apparently driven it out, remained to give shape and form to the inner life of all those of the population who have ever heard a traditional story, remembered it, and passed it on. In *Introducing David Jones* there is an extraordinary passage that needs to be quoted at some length if one is to understand the technique by which the genius of Jones (and I use the phrase in the classical sense of *daemon*, not just as a loose term of praise) was able to arrange all the layers of reality and observation and recollection which he habitually handled. After one of those disastrous British attacks on the Western Front in 1916 the 'Queen of the Woods' moves among the dead and dying soldiers — German as well as British — with 'Bright boughs of various flowering'.

> Some she gives white berries
> some she gives brown
> Emil has a curious crown it's
> made of golden saxifrage.
> Fatty wears sweet-briar
> he will reign with her for a thousand years.
> For Balder she reaches high to fetch his.
> Ulrich smiles for his myrtle wand.
> That swine Lillywhite has daisies to his chain — you'd hardly credit it . . .
> She carries to Aneirin-in-the-nullah a rowan sprig, for the glory of Guenedota. You couldn't hear what she said to him, because she was careful for the Disciplines of the Wars.

Only David Jones could have brought together so convincingly — under the connecting cover of a light Welsh accent — try it, you can't really speak it any other way — (1) a realistic evocation of 20th-century volunteers in a vile industrially-serviced battle; (2) Welsh Myth, Germanic Myth, and Shakespeare (comic-character Shakespeare at that); (3) a reflection of orderly-room class-and-rank animosities ('That swine Lillywhite' is referred to elsewhere as 'that shit Major Lillywhite', and I remember *him* from my own national service): and then combined the whole thing into a nature-allegory as clear and bright as a 14th-century poem by Dafydd ap Gwilwym — a complete reversal of expectation to the average reader, whose image of battlefield woods on the Somme must surely be one of gaunt and blasted trees and shell-shocked earth with precious little about it to attract Flora or Diana or Bloddeuwedd or Queen Mab, or whichever specific emblematic lady we may take the 'Queen of the Woods' to be. She doesn't have a crystal boat, because there is no sea nearby: but clearly she is the same demanding personage who kidnapped Conle all those years before . . . And remember David Jones was in the battle he describes. In this he differs as a mythopoeic writer from Joyce or Pound, to whom he is often loosely compared. His own view on such attributions of avant-garde fashion-following:

Mr Gill's hay harvest 1926

> for the reviewer to say . . . 'an imitation of Joyce' is very, very absurd on all kinds of grounds. Yet it would be quite absurd also to deny that Joyce

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DENT

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(however obliquely) exercised a pervasive influence over all of us, rather as Picasso in the plastic arts.

What I take this to mean is that Joyce, Pound, Eliot and others provided various usable techniques for Jones to draw upon in his own quite independent *making*. He made pictures as well as poems: and both as a writer and draughtsman he had more in common with the mediaeval craft-tradition (as derived from Celtic precursors rather than Roman examples) than he had with modern artistic or literary practice. I have personally delighted in every detail of his work for 25 years, though I have of late come to be a little suspicious of some of his 'old soldier' self-identification. Here is a bit of the famous 'Boast of Dai' from *In Parenthesis* . . .

> My fathers were with the Black Prinse of Wales
> at the passion of
> the blind Bohemian king.
> They served in these fields . . .
> I was with Abel when his brother found him,
> under the green tree.
> I built a shit-house for Artaxerxes.
> I was the spear in Balin's hand
> that made waste King Pellam's land.

Etcetera . . . Now one *could* add to that something like this:

> Mine was the glory of the January gunstorm
> in the Bogside of Colum's Derry.
> I slew the squaws whose severed breasts broke
> Custer's battle . . .

It would be equally 'traditional', not altogether unfair, and a personal extension of the victim-making military experience that Jones does not seem to have very seriously thought about . . .

Among this week's contributors:

MARTIN WALKER's new thriller *A Mercenary Calling* is to be published shortly by Granada.

JOHN WILLETT's books include *Expressionism* and *The New Sobriety*.

ALEX CALLINICOS is the author of *Althusser's Marxism*.

RONALD HAYMAN's *Nietszche: A Critical Life* was published by Weidenfeld earlier this year.

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THRILLERS & CRIME BOOKS

Martin Walker

SAS, S1S, SOS

The genre of the thriller has become fat enough to need classification. Perhaps the simplest way is to draw three mental columns. In the left column, we have three classic styles of hero. First, in a tradition that goes back to John Buchan's Hannay, we have the clean-limbed, clean-minded Imperial patriot with the racist tinge. James Bond is an honourable member of this club, with a licence to fight dirty. The club lives in a Manichean world, and the essence of their task is the hunt, whether a Hannay-stalk through Scottish hills or in Wilbur Smith's new *Wild Justice* (Pan £1.50), the uncovering of the brain behind Terror International by the SAS officer hero who leads an international unit of hostage-rescuers. Outside the killing zone, gentlemanly habits and the right malt scotch are required.

Hero Mark 2 is existential man. Deeply sensitive, much given to long and lonely walks in the night rain and a miserable love life. Whichever country he is in, it feels like Eastern Europe and smells of wet wool and cabbage. Passers-by wear fear on their faces and our hero thinks of a lost childhood and a dubious cause. His roots are in Graham Greene, he flowers in Le Carré and someone he loved has always been hurt by a violence for which he feels guilty. It takes a real novelist to stop this becoming a pastiche and back-sliding into Hero Mark 3 (of whom later), but Dennis Bloodworth almost qualifies with *Cross-Talk* (Magnum £1.40). Max Magnus runs the Disinformation section of Britain's SIS, and he contrives a lovely operation to keep the Chinese and the Russians mutually hostile, but not warlike. Then parties unknown push Magnus's operation dangerously far, just while the poor sod is going through an impotent phase brought on by his undying love for his crippled wife who was killed in an IRA bomb blast at Prunier's while Magnus was watching.

Stephen Hunter tries for the same mood in *The Master Sniper* (Heinemann £6.95), set in the last week of war in 1945. A plumply existential American Captain in an obscure department which assesses enemy infantry weapons stumbles across an odd German research programme. After checks in a London battered by V-2s, interrogations in newly liberated concentration camps and an insipid affair with a Zionist nurse who had tried to tell him about Dachau, he realises that the Nazis had been developing the world's first portable infra-red night sight for the Wehrmacht's best sniper. Denouement in Switzerland, where the sniper has to shoot 25 little boys in a high-security school when they are allowed out for exercise at night. One of the little boys is the only heir to a Jewish mega-fortune in a Swiss Bank, and if he is killed, the Nazi underground inherits. Our hero Mark 2 is unspeakably lucky, and he needs a lot of help from the fascinating technology of night-sniping.

The third brand of hero is the tough guy with the soft centre, the bastard spawn of Raymond Chandler. He gets beaten up and his inevitable success owes more to persistence than brains. He drinks too much and he may be big and strong but women mother him anyway. In British novels, this sort of hero is allowed to be working class, although everybody feels more comfortable if he has been commissioned in the field, like colonel Asa Morgan of the SAS, the unidimensional star of Jack Higgins's *Solo* (Collins £5.95). Morgan's daughter has been run over by the get-away car of international super-assassin Mikali, who is also a leading concert pianist. This allows André Previn a walk-on part. So much for Higgins's research (he seems to think that SIS is the same thing as D15). The rest is unsubtle bangs (explosive) and bangs (sexual); to be avoided.

Gavin Lyall's *The Secret Servant* (Hodder £5.50) is his most ambitious and his finest work so far. Harry Maxim is yet another SAS officer (modern British thrillers make you wonder if there were any SAS officers left to give the orders at the Iranian Embassy assault) whose wife dies in an Oman plane crash. Brought in to a vague security post at Number Ten, he is assigned to protect Britain's top thinker about the nuclear unthinkable, a priapic don whom the KGB is trying to turn. The plot is workmanlike, echoing back to something blackmailable in the don's wartime past in the SAS (again!) behind Rommel's lines. Cannibalism makes a welcome innovation in the increasingly prosaic world of the thriller, and Lyall's two secondary characters, a marvellously-drawn woman civil servant from D15 and a Whitehall sub-mandarin in the Cabinet Office suggest that Le Carré may have been wrong; elegant venom is not all you need to characterise Whitehall.

Back to our three-column diagram. We have now filled in the three main types of hero. The far right hand column is where we now place the three classic villains. The first is the boring old KGB, or any other sinister nest of superspies. Robert Moss and Arnaud de Borchgrave take a shrill position some light-years to the right of Genghis Khan in their *The Spike* (Weidenfeld £5.95) to 'reveal' that the Western media have been infiltrated and directed by the KGB for years. A young American journalist who makes his reputation by exposing CIA dirty tricks sees the McCarthyite light and goes through poverty before bravely exposing all, and winning the pure, sweet girl from next door who is now on the staff of a patriotic American Senator. The KGB's vicious ploy is defeated through a Russian defector, Israel's Mossad agency, Britain's SIS — and all those wonderful paranoids the CIA retired in the purges which followed the dirty-tricks scandals. The prose straggles inexorably onwards with the fluidity of the Ugandan army on the march, and the characterisation has all the subtlety of a TV commercial. A very much better use of the

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KGB as villain — and again Israel's Mossad are the good guys — is Justin Cartwright's *The Horse of Darius* (Hamish Hamilton £6.50), based around an assassination attempt on the Shah of Iran at the St Moritz ski resort. If the ending was hastily re-written to allow for the Ayatollah, Cartwright skilfully hides the joins, and the ski instructor Junker assassin von Gottberg brings back happy old memories of Ian Fleming's *Smersh* and Rosa Kleb, when the KGB were real nasties and you could buy a hardback book and still get change from a quid.

The second type of villain is the sinister world-wide conspiracy, which schemes towards domination of the planet. This genre usually retains a hint of the mad eyes and manic laugh of Fu Manchu and Ian Fleming's Stavro Blofeld. The best modern practitioner, and in building a sense of growing horror he is very good indeed, is Robert Ludlum. His latest, *The Bourne Identity* (Granada £5.95 — which is almost cheap these days for 541 pages) is not up to the mark of his excellent *The Chancellor Manuscript* (also Granada) which starred the scandal-filled files of the beautifully-assassinated J. Edgar Hoover. Ludlum's new master conspiracy is the terror network built by Carlos the assassin. Some nice tradecraft around using a Paris *couturier* as a communications HQ, and a credible background of the CIA's Phoenix assassination programme in Vietnam, but at the centre of the plot is a cunningly-manipulated American counter-assassin, who labours through the book with amnesia. He can't remember who he is, and we are never persuaded to care.

Jonathan Evans gives this kind of conspiracy-villain a new lease of life in *Misfire* (Michael Joseph £6.95), a rattling good yarn about a privately-owned rocket site taking up large tracts of an African country, which puts satellites into orbit for the highest bidder. Libya bids most, and demands a spy satellite poised above Israel. The Americans and the Russians have to penetrate the base and stop the launch. They send in a joint team of commandos, who spend more time on their wonderfully credible rivalry than they do on the assault, which is ruined by an equally abortive Israeli Entebbe-style raid. As a bonus, we get a CIA boss who is a genuine Mark 2 hero, with an alcoholic wife and a drug addict runaway daughter.

The third nature of villainy is when the baddie is the spy's own boss. Le Carré's skill with a Mole is legendary, but Len Deighton's classic *The Ipcress File* remains the benchmark, and none of the latest crop begins to match up. The most elegant is Anthony Price's *The Hour of The Donkey* (Gollancz £5.95) about the 1940 retreat to Dunkirk and the bumbling efforts of two nicely-drawn British officers to find and expose a Mosley-following British General who is leaking our plans to the Germans. The celebrated Amiens counter-attack by British tanks, and the real reason for Hitler's orders that the Panzer advance stop short of Dunkirk are the real stars. David Grant's *Emerald Decision* (Michael Joseph £6.50) has Churchill as the baddie, sending a 1940 convoy to its death in a British minefield off the Irish coast. The convoy carries a Roosevelt emissary whose advice would keep America neutral, and the minefield stops a German invasion of Ireland. The discovery of the scandal by an American historian in 1980 is part of a joint IRA-Warsaw Pact scheme to sabotage an Irish peace settlement.

If the British choose times of war to let the bosses wear the black hats, the Americans choose their contemporary Presidents and businessmen. John Ehrlichman (of Watergate fame, so he should know) writes of a loyal but ambitious White House aide who becomes the fall-guy when a coup in Uruguay, engineered by the President as a favour to a fatcat contributor, goes badly wrong. *The Whole Truth* (Fontana £1.50) may mark a new phase in the ongoing rehabilitation of the Watergate gang, but the White House tapes make more gripping reading. Richard North Patterson's *The Lasko Tangent* (Hale £6.25) has a Mark 3 hero of a young lawyer, working for a government economic agency in Washington. He uncovers a businessman laundering money for political contributions. The White House, and his own Presidentially-appointed boss, combine to stop him. It has the literary merit of a game of Monopoly, with the *Washington Post* newsdesk as the place to collect your vital £200.

The central column of our diagram is what brings the heroes and villains together. It is the nature of the sexual act in the book, and again we have three sections. The first is the Slam technique. From *Misfire:*

> Her body began to thrust into him, in urgent, arcing movement. Her nails were biting into his neck, holding him there. He was nervous of hurting her with his teeth, but she drove his head into her body . . .!

The second sexual *leitmotiv* is the Suck: 'She drew her mouth slowly off Tony, keeping a strong suction on him as she did so, so that when her lips parted from him, there was a "plop".' Fine writing is not required, and indeed we get little in Iain Finlay's capable *The Azanian Assignment* (Futura £1.60) which centres on an Australian journalist hunting strategic gold shipments in the last days of the South African *Reich.* The nature of the sexuality is the key connection; it serves, as a kind of code, to put the thriller into a moral context which is significantly separate from the moralities of spies, national interest and murder. It embodies its own time scale — the Slam metaphor is a classic of the Sixties, when sex in thrillers became explicit and violent. The Seventies allowed a kind of tenderness to emerge, inadequately conveyed with the Suck style of oral sex. But the sexual metaphor which clearly dates a book (almost invariably found with Mark One heroes) is the Storm symbolism. From Wilbur Smith's *Wild Justice:* 'They were caught up in the raging torrent that carried them helplessly beyond mere physical response into an unknown dimension.' All the decent thriller writers have their sexual tricks. James Bond's ladies always had 'nipples that hardened like little pebbles'. Smiley has his half-empty bed, and Harry Palmer has to take his specs off. Dan Kavanagh's *Duffy* (Cape £4.95, to be published on July 3) hunts for novelty with a Mark 3 but bisexual hero, who suffers nasty sex tortures with cheesewire in a lovingly-observed plotless novel about Soho.

But there is a sign that the central column of our diagram might have outlived its time. Something new is coming. Margaret O'Donnell's *The Beehive* (Eyre Methuen £5.95) is that startling event, the first of a new genre. It is an infuriating book, too raggedly written to bear the attention it ought to receive. The plot is quite simple — we have a police state, run by men for men, and the women plan an insurrection. Nothing so salacious as sexual slavery: women are raised either to be brood mares, or to be the Grey Ones, unseen, unsexed labourers and secretaries. It is set in a time not far from our own, when mass unemployment leads to a democratic vote that men should get what few jobs are going. And the novel itself explores the possibility of non-violent revolution with invention and some care. It is a remarkable book, and perhaps an important one. If nothing else, it may let us tear up our diagrams. After all, when a genre can be classified and cross-referenced like one of those files in Smiley's Registry, it needs a good Mole to bring us all back to the surface. Margaret O'Donnell is heading us up to air.

Susannah Fried

Winter Day

Beneath the snow the broad sad wastelands
stretch the black of my eye to the point of pain,
beneath the wild scene's dead brilliance
involuntary small pines stand motionless.
Here, there, again, a nameless wanderer's
footprints are seen. A lost seagull is heard
shrieking in fear against the sharp contours
of stumps that withstood the fire. Bewildering
new forests have been replaced by the uneven
line of twisted half-built shacks resting
beneath the weight of winter and the unending
electric cable. Oh, my little town,
your winter gnaws at my bones with the strength
of your unceasing melancholy. . .

translated from the Slovak by Anthony Rudolf

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Private Eyes

The hub of the detective or mystery story must always be the puzzle itself, and the success be judged by factors connected with it — its ingenuity, its likelihood, and the methods and steps that untie it; but round it the writer can create the setting required, and so various traditions can be traced — the US underworld, the country house, the law-court drama, the bizarre setting, the amateur detective with eccentric habits, professional worlds or routine police-work. Recent novels contain examples of all these, and new combinations of them.

The American private-eye and petty underworld is one of the earliest and strongest traditions, and paperback reissues of some of the classics serve as chastening yardsticks to the newcomers. Raymond Chandler's Marlowe is represented in *Playback*, but also republished are two books of short stories, *Pearls are a Nuisance* and *Smart-Aleck Kill* (all three Pan Books, 95p each); politics, international finance and small-time crime all play their part, but the interest is firmly on the person of the eye himself, and his invariable flip and ironic attitude to the violence somehow enwraps him — though some of the neatest stories are some of the least violent, like the mystery of what happened to Mrs Penruddock's pearls (which were false anyway), with its subtle misleading of the reader. A new attempt in the same vein, *Mike Dime* by Barry Fantoni (Hodder £5.50), has the same ingredients — world-weary, quick-reacting private eye, meetings with sad, defeated and isolated lives in apartments, separated by car journeys, and meetings with quaintly horrific purveyors of violence and a 'dark-eyed, sultry dream whose stunning looks took the breath clean out of my lungs'. The setting is Philadelphia on the night of the 1945 presidential election, and contemporary detail — though Lipatti's Bach is too early — is spread on thickly; but, while the writing is energetic, the story inside the wrapping is thin.

Re-issues of Dashiel Hammett *(The Glass Key, The Dain Curse, Red Harvest, The Maltese Falcon*, Pan 95p each) reveal how much more sinewy and truly lively the founders are — the details with which the area where politics and the underworld meet are described almost lovingly. Again, a set of short stories *(The Continental Op*, Pan £1.25), with introduction by Steven Marcus, creates maximum atmosphere with the minimum effort.

The new issues of a very different sort are also American centred. *Maigret and the Coroner* (Hamish Hamilton £5.50), first published in French in 1949, has Maigret a member of the audience at a public inquest in a small town near the Mexican border. A night of drink and casual sexual encounter ends with the death in a lonely part of the desert of a girl who has been travelling around for a lark in a car with a group of young airmen; she has been run over by a train. The solution is not intricate, but the leading up to it is masterly, the characters of the barely post-adolescent airmen and the murdered girl's brother gradually being revealed, with Maigret taking mostly a bystander's role. The mixture of wildness and innocence in the airmen, casually brought together from backgrounds all over the US, and the parochial atmosphere of the town in the middle of vast open space are unerringly caught.

Absolutely the other side of America in every sense — solid, respectable Boston, family mansions and a vault holding generations of ancestors — is the setting of Charlotte MacLeod's *The Family Vault* (Collins £4.75). Sarah Kelling, married to a much older cousin, is present when the family vault is opened for the impending funeral of another cousin — one of many, several of whom amiably and courteously step through the book. The vault reveals — first, a solid brick wall, whose pattern of bricks is oddly familiar to Sarah — and second, the decaying corpse of a night-club queen. More deaths follow, and gradually Sarah realises the fragility of the solid-seeming world in which she had been living. The monstrous mother-in-law and the Jewish jewel expert who unravels the truth are in no way overdrawn by the author, and the murder motive is satisfactorily solid.

Though set in the US, Charlotte MacLeod's novel is very much in the country house tradition so prominent in the English mystery story, and Lionel Black's *The Eve of the Wedding* (Collins £5.25) brings an American family with the same traditions as the Kellings to England, where their daughter is to marry the son of a London business family. The wedding party is in the English family's sprawling mansion in Wimbledon, to which Lionel Black's 'detectives' Kate and Harry Theobold are invited. When the groom's brother is murdered and investigations begin, the ingenuity with which Mr Black has groups of guests and family move round from room to room, suspecting, planning and hiding, is very entertaining.

Another transatlantic family mystery (a reissue), *The Siamese Twin Mystery* by Ellery Queen (Hamlyn 95p), involves a much more overtly sinister family, conveniently housed on the top of a mountain which can be reached by only one road, along which Ellery Queen and his father inadvertently travel, only to be cut off by a forest fire. The mysterious Dr Xavier may be out of the world of Frankenstein, but the murder and motive are sufficiently realistic. A final American offering, *The Sandman* by Robert Ward (Corgi £1), attempts to combine the hospital drama with the mystery story. The heavy realism of the one reacts badly with the fantasy element in the other; a madman doctor inevitably creates some moments of suspense, but belief is never compelled.

The psychological detective story — of which Simenon's is the best example in this current batch — has a recognisable tradition, but two recent novels are psychological in a different way, set in or concerned with psychiatric practices. *No Face in The Mirror* by Richard Copeland (Macmillan £5.50) starts in Dr Gregor Maclean's waiting room, when a patient who wanders in, in a lost memory state

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and having just shoplifted from Selfridge's, turns out to be a fellow psychiatrist. Dr Ewan Sutherland has set up Beauchamp Manor, where patients are treated without drugs or ECT, Sutherland believing that it is their families who have driven them to their present state. When Maclean returns Sutherland to Beauchamp Manor, a schizophrenic accosts him and hands him notes about personalities and events there. Are they the ravings of a persecution maniac or the insights of someone whose only difference from a normal human being is his heightened perception of reality? Maclean finds out, but not before the deaths of some patients and staff. A convincing background and, when everything is known, a substantial motive. Anna Clarke's *Last Voyage* (Collins £5.25) also involves a psychiatric clinic; Sally Livingstone, returning to England from South Africa in 1939, reveals on impulse to a fellow passenger details of a murder she witnessed on a similar voyage when a child. The plot never recovers from a basic overwhelmingly implausible coincidence, but the book is notable for the portrait of Sally's utterly selfish and unsympathetic, and all too plausible, mother.

Another professional world, that of the antique dealer, is explored in Jonathan Gash's *The Judas Pair* (Hamlyn 95p). Authentic detail on the setting up of a deal — in this case the tracing for purchase of a pair of guns, widely believed to be mythical — involves the reader at first, and, though there is nothing remarkable about the writing or planning of the story, lovers of the ingenious mechanism will enjoy the denouement. Gun mechanism also lies at the centre of Michael Innes's classic *There Came both Mist and Snow* (Hamlyn 95p). Detective-Inspector Appleby arrives at Basil Roper's ancestral home, Belrive, for Christmas celebrations, within a few minutes of the shooting of Basil's cousin, Wilfred. Those who find Appleby's learned garrulity tedious have less to bother them than often, and there is certainly ingenuity in the solution.

Gerald Hammond's hero in *The Reward Game* (Macmillan £5.50) is also an expert on guns and runs a gun shop in Southern Scotland. Keith Calder is working at home when his wife comes in and tells him that while she was out bird-watching her car was moved, and on investigation she found a man inside . . . dead. Keith rushes out to confirm the find and is savagely knocked out, and when the police come to investigate the body has gone. Local personalities, gems and insurance investigation are involved in the solution.

Both of the novels by John Wainwright, *Dominoes* and *The Venus Fly-Trap* (Macmillan £5.50/£4.95), are located in restricted settings, institutions whose pretentiousness belies their parasitical nature, but very different ones — 'The Ridings' is a private school for young ladies in the North of England, whose educational vacuity flatters the snobbery of the parents, and the Venus Fly-Trap a respectable night club turning several blind eyes to the real purpose of the meetings of its clientele. Plots are meticulously worked out, and there is plenty of scorn for the hollowness of the world that makes places like The Ridings flourish.

Another specialised setting is the Manx motorcycle circuit, background to the exciting first mystery novel by Mary Napier, *Blind Chance* (Collins £5.95). The methods of European police-forces are illustrated in two new issues: *The Blond Baboon* by Janwillem van de Wetering (Corgi 95p) is an Amsterdam tale, diligently portraying a family business with international ramifications and a humane and bright police force, with the baboon of the title an intriguing if gratuitous extra. The pleasure here comes from the authenticity of the worlds rather than the detection — the police proceed with diligent professionalism to an unsensational solution. *The Body Vanishes* by Jacquemard-Sénécal (Collins £4.75), set in Strasbourg, is altogether more exciting, and a real mystery story. A corpse found floating in the river is provisionally identified as that of the fiancée of the young son of a long-established local bookbinding and generally artistic family; the family is contacted, but the corpse mysteriously moves, to turn up again in the family's house. All the family have alibis, and the relationships, financial and amatory, are complicated. The atmosphere of the river, the house, the bar nearby and the bystanders is economically and vividly caught, and all the stages in the investigation gripping; time, place and motive all provide important clues to the ingenious and satisfying solution.

A final police hero, Frank Desouza, operates in Bombay. *Desouza in Stardust* by Freny Olbrich (Heinemann £5.95) portrays politics and high finance in Bombay as much more refined in expression than in Hammett's America. Sanjiv Saboonder is a screen hero who has all he wants in the way of money, women and flattery, and receives it all with easy affability. After a party in his villa he plummets headlong to the foot of the cliff outside. The solution is predictable, but the writing spare and attractive.

Real mysteries are considered in *The Decoding of Edwin Drood* (Gollancz £6.50) by Charles Forsyte and Julian Symons's *Sweet Adelaide* (Collins £5.95). Charles Forsyte (actually a husband and wife team) starts with an extended essay on the available evidence of how Dickens intended his story to finish, and finishes with a completion of the novel. One could wish they had been contented with the first part, which is sensible and largely convincing, and interesting in the drawing of the characters and relationships of Dickens's family and friends. It is at its best when keeping to documentary evidence rather than seeking evidence inside the existing text. The second part, including quite unsubstantiated suggestions by the authors themselves, does not convince. Julian Symons takes the case of Adelaide Bartlett as the basis of a thoroughly professional fictional reconstruction.

Vital writing, accomplished planning and imaginative insight are shown at their highest in *The Lake of Darkness* by Ruth Rendall (Hutchinson £5.50). No detection is involved — the mystery is not apparent to the central character, Martin Urban, until it is revealed — but the reader is left guessing, and revelations spread subtly through the narrative, to keep the interest at high pitch. Martin, cushioned by a comfortable background, plenty of money and an unshared flat looking over North London, can deal easily with his work as an accountant and has no need to consider his own personality and face up to its weaknesses and self-deception. Events shake his outward competence and seeming maturity. Murder occurs in the novel, but is not an inextricable part of it — the mystery and deception are involved at an altogether subtler level.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Andrew Clements

Couplings

The violin concertos by Berg and Stravinsky make such a neat and instructive coupling — the twin poles of musical modernism precisely encapsulated — that it's surprising that record companies have used it so rarely. But a new release from Deutsche Grammophon offers superlative performances of both concertos by Itzhak Perlman and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Seiji Ozawa (2531 110). Perlman was recently splashed across the cover of an American news magazine as the finest living violinist — no small claim, and not one which until now could have been supported by his recordings. But here at last is a disc that reflects the quality of Perlman's finest live appearances: technical problems, formidable in both concertos, are made entirely incidental, and it's remarkable to hear Berg's figurations merged quite naturally into a Viennese romantic approach.

The paradox at the root of all of Berg's music, that of the modernist struggling to reconcile his language with fidelity to an essentially conservative tradition, here is made to operate entirely positively. Stravinsky's concerto is less problematic, and less profound; Ozawa is an ideal conductor for such a work, and manages to suggest a clean athleticism which accords well with the neoclassical aesthetic as Stravinsky purveyed it. Few records this year are likely to prove quite so invaluable.

There has been quite a clutch of releases of 20th-century violin concertos in recent months, though none of the others reaches the same exalted level. Pinchas Zukerman's version of the Bartok Concerto is a disappointment after performances of the work he's given in London (CBS 76831); the problem is partly in the orchestral accompaniment (the Los Angeles Philharmonic conducted by Zubin Mehta) which gives a rounded, rather bland sound to passages that need sharper edges, but also in Zukerman's current view of the piece, as a late flowering of the 19th-century romantic repertoire rather than as a work of more contemporary angularity. The result is uncommitted and unexciting. Isaac Stern's performance of George Rochberg's Concerto is certainly committed enough, but in this case the dissatisfaction lies in the work itself. Rochberg has in the last 10 years or so moved away from the serial methods of his earlier music and into a rather wan neo-romanticism, with much rumination and amorphous lyricism, and rambling, undisciplined structures. The Violin Concerto does contain some memorable music, and much grateful passage work for the soloist, which Stern plays superbly; anyone with a penchant for the dinosaurs of contemporary music might well like it much more than I did (CBS 76797).

Stern was also responsible for commissioning Krzysztof Penderecki's Concerto; since he gave the first performance in 1977, the work has been taken up by a number of other leading violinists. Hearing the piece its popularity is hardly surprising: gone are the clusters and aggregates of Penderecki's earlier music, which made him the leading figure in the Polish avant garde of the 1960s, and in its place is a much more traditional language, entirely tonal, and relying on traditional violinistic gestures to pad out the solo part. It must be a satisfying, if very taxing work to play, but it also hints at a much darker, disturbing expression just below its unkempt surfaces: once the soloist has entered he's rarely silent for the entire 35-minute piece, probing at thematic shapes and dissolving them into bravura display. The orchestra on this recording, again from CBS (76739), is the Minnesota Orchestra conducted by Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, used by the composer in bold, primary colours and coarse-textured outbursts. Bartok's Viola Concerto also has a functional, uninspired orchestration, but here the fault is not the composer's, but of a reconstruction made after his death in 1945 by Tibor Serly. The work was left in outline draft with instrumental detail and some structural problems to be resolved; Serly's completion is not universally accepted (to its credit, the sleeve-note on the new Deutsche Grammophon recording makes this clear) and it has not gained the popularity of other posthumous editions.

As it stands the work lacks brilliance and the kind of projection which the cast of Bartok's outline suggests; the viola is a difficult instrument to balance against a full orchestra and the melancholy of much of Bartok's late music suits it on the small-scale, but sounds under-powered here. The main interest of this issue, however, lies in the coupling with Hindemith's *Der Schwanendreher* for viola and (significantly) chamber orchestra, played by Daniel Benyamini and the Orchestre de Paris conducted by Daniel Barenboim (GD 2531 249). In his use of folk material Hindemith here comes surprisingly close to the English pastoral school, to Vaughan Williams and Holst; for anyone who regards Hindemith as a rather serious, unyielding polyphonist *Der Schwanendreher* is a gentle antidote. The new recording seems warm and affectionate.

James Levine's Mahler cycle for RCA continues to gather momentum; the Sixth Symphony has just been released (RL 03213, two records) and the Ninth is promised. Levine began his pilgrimage with the highest expectations of excellence; it was time then for a new generation of Mahler interpreters to replace the established cycles from Bernstein, Solti and Kubelik, and Levine seemed fresh and intelligent. The more recent issues have been no less intelligent, but there have also been isolated symphonies recorded by Karajan and Abbado, the latter beginning what promises to be a profoundly important series. The Sixth has suffered more than most from the more frenetic approach of the older versions of Solti or Bernstein; Levine's tempi are more moderate, balancing weight against the need to keep the music moving forward; the outer movements benefit considerably from this approach, though sometimes there are details pulled out of context in a strange, disconnected way, but the slow movement is too static, too content to contemplate its own beauty. Klaus Tennstedt's version of the Ninth, by contrast, has few if any weaknesses (EMI SLS 5188, two records). It is a reading of the work quite unlike any other, with broad, sweeping paragraphs and every climax given its full, rich measure; the central pair of movements is very much made subsidiary to the great opening Andante and concluding Adagio, movements shown to be complementary in function and emotional freight. It is a performance with the London Philharmonic which makes the next instalment of his cycle eagerly anticipated. A brief mention also for Rostropovich's account of the *Manfred* Symphony (EMI ASD 3730), taken from the complete set of the Tchaikovsky symphonies issued in 1977. It is not the version of one's dreams — there is insufficient excitement and fantasy for that — but it is well played (the LPO again) and precious few versions of the complete text are anything like as satisfactory.

Emil Gilels makes few enough new recordings for each release to be an event, but there remains some disappointment with the disc of Chopin — the B minor Sonata, and three polonaises — from Deutsche Grammophon (2531 099). Gilels can be a most exciting interpreter, but his way with Chopin is broad and solid, old-fashioned almost when compared with the leaner playing of a Pollini or a Perahia. Solidity brings its rewards in the way in which each theme of the sonata is carefully shaped and every detail heightened to intensify its expressive effect, but sometimes along the way the thread of the argument is lost. The problems are felt more keenly in the group of polonaises; not everything is characterised sufficiently precisely and one longs sooner or later for more spontaneity, for quicker reactions and more crystalline outlines.

But for fascinating insights into the changing style of Chopin playing, the pair of issues in World Records' Heritage series of Alfred Cortot playing the Preludes (SH327) and the Studies (SH326) is required listening. Cortot's technique was far from infallible, and there are a number of infelicities in these performances which would be a matter of comment in a contemporary recital; but the natural, unforced response to these pieces, which Cortot must have played so many times, is a minor miracle in itself. Perhaps the most truthful view of his playing would be that he never allowed a technically perfect rendering of a piece to come before its poetic force, nor before a consistent beauty of sound. It's a pity that the eccentric ordering of the Studies on the original 78s has been preserved in the transfers, though at least each set (Opp. 10 and 25) is kept intact. A recording of Cortot should be in the collection of anyone interested in the history of the piano on disc, and one or both of these releases would be as appropriate as any.

As a performer, Rakhmaninov, too, should be in anyone's collection, though he did not record his own two piano sonatas. Along with the Corelli Variations they represent the finest of his large-scale piano music: big-boned, furious works, which are held together as much by their intensity as by the rigour of their construction. John Ogdon's recording is a reissue from 1969 at mid price (RCA GL 428467); there are finer individual versions to

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be found of each sonata (particularly Horowitz's of the second) but the technical difficulty of both works is well countered by Ogdon and only the etiolated sound prevents complete recommendation. Horowitz himself includes a couple of occasional pieces by Rakhmaninov in the latest live recording from his American concerts. The discs — this one (RCA RL 13433) from recitals in 1978-79 — are some compensation for the lack of a visit from one of the greatest living pianists; here the most astonishing performance is that of Liszt's first *Mephisto Waltz,* full of the old *diablerie* and breathtaking, hard-driven climaxes, but Schumann's *Humoresque* is the focus of the selection. Inevitably the faster sections (in a perilously sectional work) get the more spectacular treatment, and the shaping of the lyrical interludes is sometimes rough and idiosyncratic, but there is to everything Horowitz does an entirely unique conviction; no one else would dare to play as he does and hope to get away with it.

Television

Julian Barnes

Golden Delicious

'Italian and English are the languages of Heaven,' said Auden, 'Frog is the language of Hell ... The Frogs were expelled from Heaven in the first place because they annoyed God by calling him *cher maître.*' Derek Jameson put the prejudice in its more popular form on *The Editors* (BBC-1): a typical Jameson predicament, it seems, is that of being lost in France, asking the way, and having a damned Frenchman pretending he can't understand your shouted English when you know jolly well he can. I must say if I were a Frenchman and Mr Jameson bellowed a request for directions at me, I'd be inclined to forget what English I knew; or perhaps, on second thoughts, remember just enough to point him brokenly, and regardless of where he wanted to go, towards the nearest *pissotière.* After all, he wouldn't believe he was abroad unless he was made to feel not at home.

The Editors has started a new run with Uncle George Scott replaced by slimline Simon Jenkins, who has so far hosted two very lively programmes from a rather low-profile position. The first, about the Knightsbridge siege, had Alan Protheroe, head of BBC News, blithely admitting that his chaps had tried to deceive the police and smuggle a camera round the back of the embassy, but failed (ITN, who succeeded, declined to send a representative). Protheroe was also tempted into two cheeky bits of unadorned self-praise, dubbing the siege coverage 'our finest hour', and slipping on his dog-collar to declare surreally of his Corporation's news policy, 'We will err on the side of goodness.'

This week's programme discussed Press attitudes to the French, and turned up some juicily parallel complacencies. Most of these came from Derek Jameson — 'I'd be tellin' a lie if I said we ever took a very positive view of the French' was his understatement of *Daily Express* editorial policy — but he received gruffly muttered support from George Gale, his paper's licensed maverick, whose voice makes you wonder why television sets don't have treble and bass controls. Gale rumbled away from deep inside a jacket of such a parodically large check that it was clearly meant to suggest allusions (Pickwick? Bunter?): 'the piece was a slab of vulgar abuse if you like,' he began when challenged by Jenkins over one of his more Gallophobe articles — the 'if you like' neatly containing the implication 'and I don't care a sod if you don't'. Jameson and Gale combined to voice all the classic anti-French arguments you might get to hear in the course of a long night on the scrumpy in Chipping Hicksville: they're cowards (but also militaristic — see the New Hebrides); they're lazy farmers (or clever farmers: take your pick; or have both); they lost the war but won the peace; they can't be trusted (unlike us); and the proof of all this is that French peasants sold water to retreating English troops at Dunkirk.

This last item was Jameson's crucial contribution to the debate on the Common Market. It was answered unintentionally by Richard Liscia, editor of *France-Soir,* who had decently turned up to be insulted by the *Express* hacks and answer them in suspiciously good English (playing clever buggers again, you see). Patrick Keatley of the *Guardian,* vaguely batting on the French side (at one point he comforted Liscia with the fact that 'We have a booking for your country in our family for this summer'), suggested that both sides had awkward memories: after all, the British had sunk the French navy. Quietly, Liscia commented, 'You did well' — a small but telling indicator that the French prefer to move on while the English wallow in history. Unless, of course, M. Liscia was just being Frenchly clever, and only pretending not to care about what happened before he was born; maybe he only appeared on the programme in order to smuggle in a few kilos of Golden Delicious in his cabin baggage. I'm sure George Gale wouldn't have put it past him.

World in Action (Granada) usefully probed the IATA cartel, which keeps prices on European air routes so artificially high and efficiency so complacently low. The fares we pay to Northern Italy, it disclosed, are even higher than high because they are based on the assumption (from pre-jet days) that planes still have to fly round the Alps. *The Sandbaggers* (Yorkshire), usefully programmed to dispel post-*WIA* tristesse, certainly does enough Alp-hopping to keep IATA happy. Malta last week, Rhodes this — Roy Marsden's Neil Burnside, the bad-tempered SIS operative with short hair and a mouthful of acronyms, is really getting around. This week Sandbagger Two even went to South Russia (played by Epping Forest at a rough guess). Apart from the fact that the Sandbaggers usually win through, this is a pretty plausible series, snappily written and funny enough for you not to mind things like 'Americans' with strong Irish accents.

At *Wimbledon* (all sensible channels) something worrying happened on the first day. Borg smiled. Normally, he only smiles once a fortnight, when raising the gold-plated tea-caddy to his whiskered muzzle. This time, not only did the smile come in Round One, but it came when his racket had just autodestructed and he had lost a point. I don't like the look of it: is the Romanian connection making him soft?

Films

John Coleman

Imaginary Leaps

Nijinsky (AA) *ABC Shaftesbury Avenue*
The Wobblies *ICA*
Zombies — Dawn of the Dead (X) *Classics Haymarket, Leicester Square and Oxford Street; ABCs Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads*
Guyana — Crime of the Century (X) *Odeons Kensington and Westbourne Grove*
The Day Time Ended (A) *ABC Edgware Road*

The American director Herbert Ross has deliberately restricted his aims in his latest excursion into the bitchy, glittering world of ballet; indeed, he might have done well to keep that 1977 title, *The Turning Point,* for this one. His *Nijinsky,* after all, focusses on just two crucial years, 1912-13, in the life of the ill-starred dancer, from the moment a determined young Hungarian socialite, Romola de Pulsky, clapped eager eyes on him in Budapest down to their sudden marriage and the disaffection of his lover and puppet-master Diaghilev. The rest, according to the film's opening and closing brackets, is madness.

It is certainly one way of approaching the wealth of contradictory biographical matter that has accumulated around a legend; and some of Hugh Wheeler's screenplay is harsh, bright, strong on backstage squalls and backbiting insights. Most people will relish the naughty, waspish lines given to Baron de Gunzburg, Diaghilev's generous 'banker', as much as the excellent Alan Badel appears to himself. And there is a degree of fun to be had in spotting famous figures from the Ballets Russes flit by: Carla Fracci's sterling Karsavina, or Ronald Lacey's mischievous Bakst at a costume rehearsal: 'That is my special treat for pederasts'. But there lies one of several flaws. In trying to simplify a complex tale, both director and writer have accented the sexual, and specifically the homosexual, until we are left with not much more than a prolonged wrangle — between Leslie Brown's inadequate wilful minx of a Romola and Alan Bates's magisterial and inflexible Diaghilev — over the body of a very pretty fellow.

For the dancer George de la Peña is exceedingly fetching as Nijinsky, even excessively so for anyone who has read of the husky Vaslav's off-stage ungainliness. He is credible as the bemused 'filthy pederast's whore' (Fokine's enraged words in the film), smiling as his mentor warns him off too many crystallised rose-petals: 'Nobody loves a fat faun'. Elsewhere, Diaghilev brutally puts down his wonder at having escaped a peasant's fate — 'You'd be out on the village green, looking for the richest shepherd'. But where is the *on-stage* magic that must be there if his fate is genuinely to concern us? (No matter that Ross is on record as doubting Nijinsky was ever a miracle-worker — 'those famed leaps were achieved for the most part in small theatres'.) Answer: nowhere. Slow-motion dissolves infiltrate *Le Spectre de la Rose* and, quite unbelievably, the famed leap itself is cut away from, in mid-air. Kenneth MacMillan

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may have been invited to re-choreograph *Jeux* and *Le Sacre:* all we are shown are tantalising scraps interspersed with reaction-shots, or close-ups of de la Pena's face and arms.

An almost conscientious iconoclasm seems to be at work, further developed in the script's implicit down-grading of Nijinsky's value as a choreographer. As for the touch of the Ken Russells that arrives with Nijinsky's hectic making love to Romola during the voyage to Buenos Aires — and this in a script ostensibly based on Romola's chaste book, where even the wedding night found the pair in separate beds — the heart then sinks, for good. This is a meretricious affair, and all the sadder for the presence of such past masters as Anton Dolin, fine and sly as Maestro Cecchetti.

Stewart Bird and Deborah Shaffer's *The Wobblies* is a revelation, a model of its kind in documentary-making. It sets out to tell the story of the Industrial Workers of the World from its foundation in 1905 to its effective strangulation towards the end of World War I. The IWW — 'Wobblies' is said to have come from a Vancouver Chinese's claim to membership of the 'I Wobble Wobble' — aimed to organise the great mass of unskilled labourers, farm and textile workers, lumberjacks and miners, ignored by the American Federation of Labour. The essence of its history is marvellously conveyed by a speaking frieze of faces from the past, many of them in their eighties and nineties, eloquent in interviews. It must have been a labour of love to discover these astounding witnesses, still spry, glinting with humour, passionate for a lost cause.

The document makes no claims to be unbiassed, simply to show what it has to show, from the viewpoint of participants. An old black talks quietly of the hazards: 'A striker would have as much chance before a strikebreaker as a rabbit would have before a gunner', and old newsreels support his words. The devoted compilers draw on a fascinating accumulation of visual material: Sunday paintings, photographs, newspaper cuttings, press cartoons and — most shocking of all — some clips from animated cartoons, including a Felix the Cat against a clutch of striking chickens and a Ford-sponsored item where a noble farmer spades to death a rat on a train. The rat is labelled 'Bolsheviki IWW'.

It is extraordinary, one reflects afterwards, how lucidly the rise and fall of this truly revolutionary movement has been pursued. Black and white workers on the waterfront were successfully organised in Philadelphia; in Massachusetts in 1912 a dramatic strike was brought off against the wool monopolies; migratory workers, inevitably riding the rails, became a new IWW rallying-point. The overall narrator, Roger Baldwin (who was to found the American Civil Liberties Union in 1920), himself joined the Wobblies, going through the south-west as a manual labourer. He wanted the experience of bumming a ride on a freight train: 'So I did take a train from Chicago to St Louis. And I had to show the IWW card to get a ride ... IWW was a feared phrase for 10 to 15 years in the United States'. Then came the war and it proved a useful stick to beat the Wobblies with. Who was it said that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel? This is a testament of extraordinary richness.

George A. Romero has his adherents, of whom I am not one. *Zombies — Dawn of the Dead* has Pennsylvania swarming with flesh-eating corpses, only Mr Romero knows why. A man and a woman beat it from a TV studio as these cannibal instances of the make-up man's craft stumble about. They link up with a couple of police marksmen, one black, one white. Everyone satisfied? A potentially terrific notion finds this token foursome settling down in a giant shopping mall, with the creepies yearning to attack. There are a few goodish jokes about consumerism, but I have supped full enough of the other sort of consumer horrors, which anyway go on for far too long. If one *really* needed a parallel for all those zombies, one might do worse than look at the cinema queues already forming: sorry.

Guyana — Crime of the Century, an insecurely post-synched and acted 'reconstruction' of the appalling business of James Jones and that mass suicide, exaggerates, surely. As a piece of cinema, it is only the crime of the decade. *The Day Time Ended* is harmless: merely the most completely silly S-F concoction ever. A goblin-green Tinkerbell, whizzing UFOs, warring dinosaurs, and gruff gramps explaining: 'You know what this is, don't you? It's a Time-Space Warp.'

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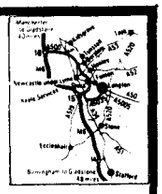

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Benedict Nightingale

Dickens in 3-D

Nicholas Nickleby by DICKENS, adapted by DAVID EDGAR *Aldwych*
The Other Side of the Swamp by ROYCE RYTON *Phoenix*

Not long ago I saw a little-known company called Shared Experience perform *Bleak House* in a blank space with a cast of seven dressed in contemporary grey. Sir Leicester Dedlock became Snagsby became Grandfather Smallweed by the power of posture and grimace alone. I remember having doubts about the enterprise, principally whether it was worth doing at all, the reader's imagination being (on the whole) a better stage for Dickens than the boards of the Theatre Upstairs; but I caught myself harking nostalgically back to its clean-edged simplicity as my eyes, mind, stomach and rump began to protest at the ebullient hammering they were taking from Wackford Squeers and his associates at the Aldwych last week. Eight-and-a-half hours, with three tiny intervals only: bring sandwiches and a St Bernard with a brandy-flask.

To call Dickens cluttered is like blaming Brighton beach for being crowded on August bank holiday. His abundance is his essence. Nevertheless, it seems a trifle naive to reflect this quality with, first, a stage that sometimes looks as crammed with bits and bobs as the Old Curiosity Shop and, second, the kind of environmental jiggery-pokery that became fashionable in the early Seventies. The adulterous Mantalini and the thieving Squeers are each chased along an iron balcony built to skim the dress circle. Muffin boys scamper up a walkway into the auditorium, foisting what look like cream-coloured ice-hockey pucks on the audience. After one interval I returned to find the cast standing and staring very hard at me, which made me nervous, since I'd always assumed it to be my job to stare at them. After the others, and before the start, they climbed down and mixed with us in their Dickensian browns and greys. I thought of starting a conversation with Graham Crowden, the evening's excellent Crummles, and he looked as if he was thinking of starting one with me. At any rate, we shuffled, grinned, avoided each others' eyes, shuffled again, and said nothing: to such bumbling little encounters does 'environmental theatre' too often dwindle in uptight England.

Frankly, I would have preferred a sparer, less fussy production, even if it compromised what directors Trevor Nunn and John Caird seem to see partly as a sort of unChristmas celebration, shared by actors and audiences. This isn't to say that the action drags under a huge weight of unncessary detail, or that the plot lacks all clarity and excitement. On the contrary, there were gasps of 'oh' and 'ah' at the revelation that Nicholas's wicked uncle Ralph was the father of his sad-sack friend, Smike, indicating that at least some of the spectators had been made to feel at least some of the story's wonder. But the evening might still have profited from a going-over with both visual and verbal secateurs. If the proper critical test is dramatic effectiveness, and not strict fidelity to Dickens, there can be no strong case for retaining, say, the Kenwigs sub-sub-plot. If fidelity is the criterion, and we're to see the play as an entertaining crib or a potted classic in 3-D, why are a couple of sentences elaborated (and, incidentally, distorted) into a long parody of early-19th-century Shakespeare, with Romeo and Juliet given last-minute Lazarus treatment and a revived Paris married off to a female Benvolio?

A drunken prince and much incompetent stage business with mattocks adds to the fun of the scene; and the partygoer in me admittedly laughed even as the critic found fresh cavils to scratch with. Isn't the evening as a whole rather too festive and lacking in bite? I imagine that the adaptor, being a socialist dramatist of some note, undertook his gargantuan task because he was attracted by the novel's almost ceaseless assaults on vanity, snobbery, envy, avarice, and the principled promotion of ignorance, poverty and misery. The directors, too, make their ritual obeisances to Dickens's social conscience, introducing Dotheboyans so abject and disfigured they seem to owe more to Steadman or Scarfe than to Phiz, and transforming the cast into a solemnly incanting chorus for some of the denunciation of cruelty and injustice. The marathon actually ends with Nicholas cradling a ragged boy who has apparently expired over his gruel. All the same, it is easy to imagine a tougher, harsher, angrier production, one that ventured more often and wholeheartedly into the ugly-grotesque and was less, far less tolerant of the winsomeness that sometimes infects even the better players. Chimneys should not be too full of Santa Clauses in mid-June.

Yet an enterprise of as much pitch and moment as this can't be so breezily dismissed. It would even be wrong to patronise it with vague hurrah-words like 'ambitious' or 'brave', as if it was some majestically loony Gothic folly. There is, after all, plenty of superior acting on show: Susan Littler's grave Kate Nickleby, Bob Peck's genial Browdie, Ben Kingsley's wax-jowled Squeers. The Christmas spirit, glad to say, never threatens to sweeten John Woodvine's marvellously bleak Ralph; and, with the help of a gulp in the throat, a torso that seems simultaneously to jerk forward and start back, and other stratagems indicating artlessness and romantic dash, Roger Rees copes remarkably well with a task one wouldn't wish even on an extremely nasty person, that of playing the relentlessly nice Nicholas. But just one performance lifts the superior to the superlative: David Threlfall's Smike, with his earnest gawpings, helpless mouthings, and wrenched-out agonies and affections. When he expires in Nicholas's arms it's an occasion neither for glycerine tears nor for late-20th-century cynicism. Who would have believed that the leading participant in a Dickens death-scene could possibly prove so authentic?

Briefly, *Swamp* is a two-hander that begins in a gents' urinal, and aims to demonstrate that the sado-masochistic frolickings that follow don't preclude the possibility of love between the men involved. This is no doubt true, but might seem truer if there weren't so obviously soggy a centre beneath the play's bitter-aloes coating. This is Genet rejigged by one of Mills and Boon's house-romancers; and it leaves me neither stomach nor space for the rest of the week's offerings, which include an Edwardian play about domestic tyranny and a modern one about Trots. More news seven days from now.

Drumming over Brecht

RONALD HAYMAN reviews current productions in East and West Berlin

In the programme of the current Berliner Ensemble production of *Mutter Courage* there's a note by Werner Mittenzwei attacking the 1949 co-production by Brecht and Erich Engel. They are accused of preserving not only the basic set design but all the essentials of the original production, which had been directed in Zurich by Leopold Lindtberg in 1941. Mittenzwei's note goes on to suggest how today a director could improve on both these early productions of the play, which has sometimes been criticised for failing to provide Mother Courage with a strong antagonist — why not build up her dumb daughter Kattrin for this function? Doesn't her self-sacrificial death prove that she rejects the attitude her mother always takes: 'there's nothing we can do about it'? But Mother Courage doesn't need an antagonist. The play is built around her inability to learn from the successive loss of all four children, and there's nothing the new director, Peter Kupke, can do to make Kattrin's motives seem more political than personal.

In any case Kupke tries, for the most part, to preserve the essentials of Brecht's staging. There's a newly designed wagon (more mod cons, less evocation of atmosphere) but the revolve and the white cyclorama are used in the old way, though now the entrance space cut in the back of the cyclorama is obtrusive and badly lit. Nothing is gained by abolishing the low white curtain, the projections and the signs that spelt out place and date. Instead we get a narrator with a drum. But he wasn't sure whether to look the other actors in the eye, while the proliferation of drumrolls detracted from the effectiveness of Kattrin's self-sacrifice — she wakes the sleeping villagers by squatting defiantly on a roof, drumming until she is shot.

The main trouble with the new production is that it lacks impact, precision, clarity and the truthfulness that depended partly on superb acting, partly on quasi-religious directorial reverence for realistic detail. The onstage chicken-plucking, for instance, now goes for very little. Helene Weigel and Angelika Hur-

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wicz were actresses who could be extremely moving without ever seeming to play for effect; Gisela May and Franziska Troegner are often over-demonstrative, and they're moving only in the sequences where the mother is treating her hefty daughter like an infant — trying after the rape to comfort her with the sexy red boots that had belonged to the prostitute, trying to cheer her up after she has overheard the cook's attempts to coax her mother into abandoning her.

Judging from the two performances I saw there, standards of acting at the Berliner Ensemble have deteriorated under Manfred Wekwerth's artistic direction, but there was an extremely impressive production of Brecht's *Die Ausnahme und die Regel (The Exception and the Rule)* directed by Carlos Medina, a graduating student of the Institut für Schauspielregie (Theatrical Direction). This production, which won him his diploma, contained an excellent performance by Hans-Joachim Frank as the coolie. The audience gasped with outrage when the merchant shot him.

Several directors acquired expertise by working as assistants to Brecht; few of them have stayed in the East, but Benno Besson's beautifully poised production of *Der Drache (The Dragon)* by Jewgeni Schwarz is now in its 15th year at the Deutsches Theater, and still in good shape, despite casting changes and wear and tear to the dragon's three heads, which have to fall from the flies to the stage during the fight with Lanzelot.

Heiner Müller's association with the Volksbühne, which began when Besson was artistic director there, is still going strong, and the production by Manfred Karge and Matthias Langhoff of his play *Die Schlacht (The Battle)* is brilliantly abrasive, full of astonishingly brutal theatrical imagery. Though much of it is written in verse, the text is extremely sparse — abnormally dependent on staging to flesh it out. Masks, make-ups and movement were all grotesque, as was the mirror effect produced by building a ramp out into the auditorium and, in several sequences, creating a symmetrical pattern between the movements of two actors, separated at first by the whole depth of the theatre and moving closer together. But the grotesquerie wasn't out of proportion to the text, while the text wasn't out of proportion to the behaviour of Germans during the Hitler period. Even the distortion, facial and vocal, makes a valid point about dehumanisation. When the cast took its curtain call, faces stripped of masks and make-up, almost no-one was recognisable.

I found myself wanting to see more theatre in the East than in the West, despite the dreariness of queueing for a visa each time to cross the frontier. West-Berliners are expecting a great deal from Boy Gobert, who arrives from Hamburg at the beginning of next season to take over the Schiller and Schlosspark Theatres. The regime of Hans Lietzau, which started well, is ending badly. He quarrelled with his Dramaturgs, Ernst Wendt and Dieter Dorn, who left for Munich, taking many of the best actors and some of the directors with them. Since then audiences have dwindled and actors have become noticeably depressed. The production of O'Casey's *Shadow of a Gunman* was soporifically slow, and the director was as unsuccessful in co-ordinating styles of acting as he was in restraining rhetoric and sentimentality.

Klaus Höring is right to claim that his staging of Peter Handke's *Wunschloses Ungluck* is 'anything but a dramatisation'. He calls it a tribute to Handke's book, which is a cross between a biography of his mother and a novel about a woman who kills herself. Xenia Hausner produced a fascinating set — furniture disguised in grey bandages and ropes — but it was useless to the actors, Michael Tregor and Charlotte Joeres, who had nothing to do but clutch scripts and speak lines. The few of us who were there would have done better to stay at home and read the book.

Weekend Competition

No 2623 **Set by Toby Jugge**

Hardly a month passes without the issue of a new collection of poetry from the First World War, Second World War, Spanish Civil War and so on. After the next set-to (see Christopher Hitchens's article elsewhere in this issue) there may be no one left to publish a similar anthology; so can we have contributions to 'Poetry of the Third World War' *now*, please? 16 lines max., by 11 July.

No 2620 **Set by E.O.Parrott**

Clerihews about holiday resorts.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

No room for me — is there ever? — but congratulations to our many and talented entrants (take a bow, Hardy Amies: how about a comp sponsorship deal?). Two quid a clerihew.

Skeggy
Is not nearly as dreggy
As some people maintain; it's hardly *comme il faut*
Though.

MOLLY FITTON

At that retired tea planter's heaven,
Budleigh Salterton, in Devon,
You have, to be *really* pukka,
To refer not to the 'afternoon' but to the 'second chukka'.

Visitors to Florence
Who speak with abhorrence
Of the hordes of tourists that encumber
That incomparable city never, curiously, include
themselves in that number.

KIT CARPENTER

Bognor's prestige is
Due to its surname Regis,
Which seems absurd
In view of the king's last word.

BARNEY BLACKLEY

The Norfolk Broads
Are full of hordes
Of boozers
In cruisers.

On Miami Beach
They teach
That you will be all right
If you look sun-tanned but white.

WAYNE SIDESADDLE

Cannes
Ees fine for a tannes
Bot eef you're not topless
Ees opless.

In Pisa
There is a
Tower.
That's good for an hour.

Marbella:
Paella,
Foreign lingo
and bingo

V.F. CORLEONE

Australia
Has the usual touristic paraphernalia,
But its chief attraction
Is its lack of action.

Captain Cook
pretended not to look
As he sailed right past Sydney,
And he did the wise thing, didney?

JOHN BANGSUND

Holidaying at Goole,
You'll
Find that its name gives a pretty exact
Account of it under the Trades Descriptions Act.

JONATHAN FERNSIDE

A lady in Ibiza
May think you beneath her
If you're the kind of geezer
Who rhymes it with freezer.

WENDY COPE

Baden-Baden
Loosens arteries that harden
And, what is worse,
The strings of your purse.

HARDY AMIES

Holiday homes in Wales
Should only be rented if all else fails
(unless, of course, you aspire to
Being set fire to).

JIMMIE PEARSE

Funny how people tend
To think of Brighton in terms of a dirty weekend;
Must be one of those resorts
Known as 'Kitchen Cinque Ports'.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

South Shields
Has few green fields
But there's a very
Interesting ferry.

Harlow
Is no Monte Carlo
The place
Is rainier without grace.

BILL GREENWELL

Odessa
Is the lesser
Evil. It's cheerier
Than Siberia.

PETER NORMAN

To be honest on
The appeal of Coniston
It's no great shakes
If you're not one for the lakes.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

The trouble with Taormina
Is that it might be cleaner,
As is, unofficially,
Generally true of Sicily.

PETER PETERSON

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 186 **March Problems**

The March problems were an interesting set, particularly, though not intentionally, problem 173.

Problem 172 (3r1k2/N2P1p2/p1R4p/1r3plb/4p2P/8/7P/3R2K1) was also not too difficult once you've sorted out which way round the board is and who is to move. 1.R-B8! (note the merits of descriptive notation — most of the solution holds even with the board the wrong way round!) BxR; 2.N-B6!! R-Q4; 3.RxRch, K-N2; 4.R-N8ch! (more elegant than N-K7) and White wins a rook.

Problem 173 5nkl/p7/4p1p1/3pNr1p/3q1P2/1PQ3KP/P1R2RP1/7r(see diagram) was amusing. I came across the diagram, without a solution, somewhere, "solved" it briskly and decided to use it. Unfortunately I got it wrong! My 'solution' 1. . . R-N4ch; 2.K-R4, QxN fails to 3.Q-B3! I tried to resurrect it with 3. . . Q-Q5 (. . . Q-K5; 4.KxR or . . . Q-B; 4.PxR both fail); 4.KxR, N-R2ch; I Succeeded after 5. K-R4,Q-B3ch; 6.K-N3, N-N4! 7.Q-Q3, N-K5ch; 8.K-B3, Q-R5! but 7.Q-K3 with the latent threat of R-B8ch, QxRPch and R-R8mate and the bold 5.KxP! proved impossible to demolish.

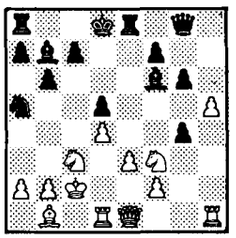
As it happened I remembered that Korchnoy was one of the players involved and eventually I managed to track down the game — Korchnoy v Auerbakh, Kiev 1965 — only to become even more confused on discovering that Auerbakh actually played 1. . . QxQch. This is quite astonishing. Black has a clear advantage based on the fragility of the white king and his active major pieces and he gives away 90% of it by exchanging queens.

In fact he does have a forced win with the natural, but exceedingly strong 1. . . Q-K5! This contains the venomous, though easily missed, threat of 2. . . R-N4ch! 3.K-R4 (3.PxR, P-R5mate), R-N5ch!! 4.NxR, P-N4ch! 5.KxNP (5.PxP, QxNmate; 5.Kx-RP, Q-N3mate or 6.K-N3, P-R5mate), Q-N3ch; 6.K-R4, QxNmate. Defences are distinctly limited:- (a) 2.Q-B3 loses to . . . RxN (3.PxR, P-R5mate). (b) 2.P-KR4 is met by . . . P-N4! 3.RPxP (if 3.R-B3, PxBPch wins the N), RxPch! 4.PxR, P-R5mate, (c) 2.N-B3 or 2.R(KB2)-K2/Q2 allow . . . QxPmate so (d) 2.R-B3 is forced. Now . . . P-Q5 seems strongest (2. . . P-R5ch is also good: 3.K-N4, or KxP, RxN; or 3.K-B2, RxBP; 3.Q-Q2 (He must defend the R(B2) and the K1 square. If 3.Q-B5/6, R-N4ch; 4.K-R4 - 4.PxR, P-R5ch and Q-K8mate - RxN; 5.QxR, QxR (B2) wins a piece), P-N4 (threatening simply to win the N); 4.N-Q3,. PxPch and now (i) 5.NxP, P-K4; 6.N-Q3 (if 6.N-K2, RxRch; 7.PxR, Q-N3ch and 8. . . P-Q6 wins), R-N4ch; 7.K-B2, Q-R5ch; 8.P-N3 (or 8.K-K2, RxPch; 9.N-B2, RxNch; 10.RxR, Q-K5ch), R-R7ch wins. (ii) 5.RxP, RxR; 6.NxRi (QxR, QxNch), P-R5ch; 7.K-B2 (else . . . P-K4), P-K4; 8.N any, Q-B4ch winning. (iii) 5.K-B2, Q-K6ch (simplest); 6.QxQ, QPxQch; 7.K-K2, P-K4 and White will be buried under the avalanche. A fascinating position. Note that the main lines are based on the positional theme of undermining White's only good piece — the N. Particular congratulations should go to Messrs Ghate, Sahasrabudhe and Taylor for their efforts toward solving it.

March prizewinners:- Mr Sahasrabudhe £12, Messrs Ghate and Taylor £9 each and Messrs Deshmukh, Johnson, Sobey and Williams £5 each.

Lack of space prevents comment on 170 and 171 — apologies.

Problem 186



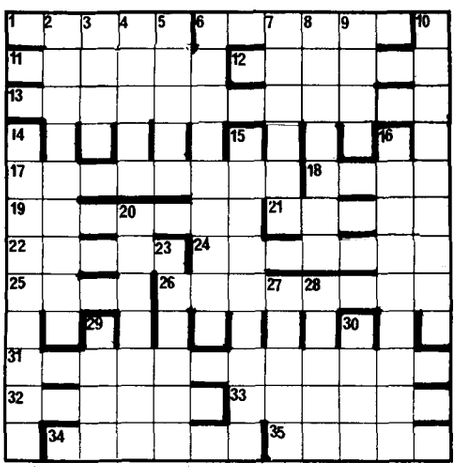
Black to play. White has already given up a pawn and is now offering a piece for a kingside attack. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 9 July.

Solution to problem 184

1. . . P-Q5! Resigns. On 2.QxP, Q-R8ch! and if 3.N-Q1, QxQ and the KP is pinned.

Salamanca 31: 'Brown Crimes'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 31, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 8 July.



Across clues and entry of all answers are normal. Each Down clue contains, instead of the true definition, a perfect rhyme of one word of it. Thus 'Great wild animal' (6) could lead to 'lamina', 'plate' having been replaced. (NB. 'Hate' e.g. would be acceptable, but not 'slate', which would only be a misprint — not allowed!)

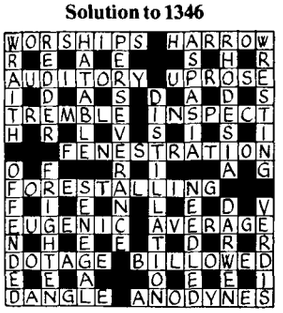
ACROSS

1 Large *pack* animal (5)
6 Husband of alluring singer (Ethel, say?) fighting sailors in the past complain about (6)
11 Bond holding gold timepiece possibly, playing golf etc. (6)
12 Cajun beat having English prancing in Elizabethan times (6)
13 With keen flat tip for mixing last of gouache? (12)
17 Like music for a duet possibly, do-re-mi's played as above (8)
18 Usage these needed to serve up a Guinness properly? (4)
19 Turk showing enormous masculinity when losing head? (7)
21 Shush — listen, love, you want to get in for a lift? (5)
22 Lion's prey? See some of them horribly caught (5)
24 These fly round about a pond not softly at back (7)
25 In Scotland bury old till dead (4)
26 E.g. Bond's a man kept by foreign nurse at length (8)
31 Our beak's a sort of horny lance, long and hard (12)
32 Some ripe cacao root used as medicine (6)
33 Plant strewn with powder out east, I repeat (6)
34 Probe finding pointer to origin of Tycho (6)
35 Spot deserted yard that's this in slums? (5)

DOWN

2 Posh basin one's kept for sweeties? (9)
3 What creature's pit has mass at top, not hard (4)
4 Quote 'To be..', for example — up to end of line (5)
5 Stir up what's wet before (5)
6 Godly science out east — Lord's crowning glories etc.? (9)
7 Smashing one swallowed by shark at sea (6)
8 Decision between lights put up at home must continue outside (7)
9 Why nail's bent? (4)
10 Leeks sad about time for cutting them? (What Lyall Watson believes?) (9)
14 Plain gauge's acceptable, displaying cold time, left to right, possibly (9)
15 Direct mail for sort of syndicator travellers use (9)
16 Waste in office all spread around under containers with no lid? (9)
20 Cyanide recipe for one stricken server produces (7)
23 Slave, Ananias, turning up that is with another one for one (6)
27 Fidgets with money in pocket after rise? (5)
28 Pieces making one and only Salamanca? (5)
29 Scots word of unusual type (4)
30 Brother of novel series (4)

Solution to 1346



Prizewinners to No 1346

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THURSDAY 3 JULY 1980 8 p.m. Mr Leon Raphael will be the guest speaker of The Labour Zionist Movement in Southgate — The Topic 'The Problems of Oil in *The Middle East*'. Adm. £1.25. For more details tel. 01-444 5807.

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